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FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. LXXX.



THE YOUNG WIDOW;

OR,

A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

A COMIC PIECE, IN ONE ACT.

BY

THOMAS G. RODWELL,

AUTHOR OF "NO DINNER YET," ETC. ETC.

AS PERFORMED IN THE VARIOUS THEATRES THROUGHOUT
THE UNITED STATES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

• Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the
Stage Business.

NEW-YORK :

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters.—THE YOUNG WIDOW.

	<i>Park, N. Y.</i>	<i>Bowery, N. Y.</i>	<i>Columbus, Ohio.</i>
<i>Manderille,</i>	Mr. Simpson.	Mr. T. Dunr.	Ma Forrest.
<i>Splash,</i>	" Hilson,	" C. Burke.	" Kent.
<i>Aurelia,</i>	Miss Kelly.	Miss Mary Taylor.	Miss Armstrong
<i>Lucy,</i>	Mrs. Wheatley.	" Sutherland.	Mrs. Powell.

	<i>Boston Theatre, 1856</i>	<i>Walnut-st. Phil., 1855</i>
<i>Manderille,</i> - - -	Mr. Belton.	Mr. S. Etynge.
<i>Splash,</i> - - -	" J. Wood,	" A. H. Davenport
<i>Aurelia,</i> - - -	Mrs. Kirby.	Miss Weston.
<i>Lucy,</i> - - -	" J. Wood.	Mrs. Jno. Sefton.

MODERN COSTUME.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

♦♦ The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

SCENE I.—AURELIA'S apartment, elegantly furnished. Two doors in the centre, one leading to a Bed-chamber, and the other to an inner Drawing-room.—A Mask and an Officer's Uniform are seen lying on one of the chairs.

Enter LUCY from the Bed-chamber, looking at the uniform, c.

Lucy. So my mistress has made a pretty business of her last night's adventure ; in a fit of a jealous curiosity, she follows her lover to the masquerade in the disguise of a military officer, and there acts with so little discretion as to arouse his suspicions ; he follows her home, and sees her enter her own house,—and of course will naturally conclude that he has discovered some more favored rival paying his mistress a midnight visit : what will be the consequences, heaven only knows. He appeared as if determined to take a most summary vengeance. for directly after my mistress entered, we heard a most dreadful thundering at the door. Fortunately the watch interfered, and saved us from his further annoyance, but no doubt he will be here presently. Ah, curiosity and jealousy are the worst of passions, particularly in a female ; well, thank my stars, I am free from both. I should very much like to know, though, what became of that Mr. Splash last night, when his master was out.

[Noise heard without, L. H., as of some one coming up stairs.

Splash. *[without.]* There, never mind, my dear, don't move the pail, I can step over it.

[Noise without, as if he had slipped.

Oh, curse it ! I'm up to my knees in it ! Confound it ! Why couldn't you keep your dishcloths out of the way, when you saw a gentleman coming up !

Enter SPLASH, L. H.

Lucy. Ah, Mr. Splash, have you had an accident ?

Splash. Yes, trying to get up without wetting the sole of my shoe, took too long a stride, slipped, and there was poor Mr. Splash with his foot in a pail of water !

Lucy. Ah, you always put your foot in every thing.

Splash. Come, that's very fair of you, Lucy, but doubtless you were prepared for it, for when you heard the pail go over, of course you

thought there was Splash upon the stairs. Come, that's very fair of me, too. [*aside.*]

Lucy. By the bye, I wonder you were not at the masquerade last night, Mr. Splash.

Splash. No wonder at all, Lucy: my master was there, but the fact is, masquerades have grown vulgar of late, and I don't patronize them any longer.

Lucy. To say the truth, that was precisely my reason for staying away.

Splash. What a sympathy of feeling. I see we were designed for each other—and since we are alone, tell me, Lucy, when will you make me the happiest of valets.

Lucy. Why, Mr. Splash, since you put the question to me. I believe I must be candid, and inform you, that I have thought seriously on the subject, and, without meaning any offence to you, Mr. Splash, I really cannot think of surrendering my liberty to any thing under a butler.

Splash. [*aside.*] What an ambitious toad it is. But consider, Lucy, I am but a valet it is true; but I have an excellent master, and to say the truth, I have got a trifle in his service; you, I believe, have got a trifle more—not that I am the least interested; [*aside.*] though I hope it's something considerable.

Lucy. Oh no, of course not; [*aside.*] I'm glad to hear, tho', that he has been so prudent.

Splash. Now, Lucy, with what you've got, and with what I've got—

Lucy. True, we might retire into private life.

Splash. Yes, and keep a public house for instance.

Lucy. Why that alters the face of affairs very much.

Splash. There, you know I shall be mixing the liquors, while you're drinking with the company, and —

Lucy. I drinking!

Splash. No, no; I mean you will be mixing the liquors, while I'm drinking with the company.

Lucy. That I think very probable.

Splash. We shall be sure to have plenty of customers, for how delightful it will be to see a sweet-tempered, charming-looking girl like you, as full of spirits as our own brandy cask, on one side of the bar, lowering the rum, and filling the pots half full of froth, whilst I, not less interesting, and quite as honestly employed in the other side in marking up my accounts with a double-pointed chalk.

Lucy. Oh! it will be delightful, indeed!

Splash. You see, Lucy, I know how to run up a score.

Lucy. I hav'nt the least doubt of it.

Splash. Then give me your hand, Lucy, for I see the affair's settled —

Lucy. Why I believe, Mr. Splash, I must confess, that—that —

Splash. [*aside.*] The public-house carries it against the world. Then only let me seal the bargain, Lucy, with a kiss and —

Lucy. There you'll excuse me. These lips must not be touched by mortal man, till after the ceremony at least.

Splash. Oh, what an amiable, virtuous little getter-up of small linen it is! But tell me, Lucy—

Lucy. Say no more now; I hear my mistress coming; you must retire.

Splash. Well Lucy, till the evening again. But when you hear me whistling for you at the area window, don't fancy it's the call of an unwelcome intruder, and fling a basin of dirty water out upon my head, but remember the public-house and think of Splash [Exit, L.

Enter AURELIA from the Bed-chamber, c.

Lucy. Well, madam, how do you find yourself now?

Aurel. Why, I am pretty well recovered from my fright, Lucy; but I still feel the greatest anxiety about the consequences, for I am confident Mandeville saw me enter.

Lucy. But you are certain madam, that he had no suspicions of who you really were.

Aurel. Not the least in the world; of course, he took me for an officer. I heartily repent me of my folly; but I have discovered one thing by watching him at the masquerade.

Lucy. And what was that, madam?

Aurel. Why, that he's a very wicked creature; that he's not half so moral as he pretends to be.

Lucy. Then if I were you, ma'am, I'd make a vow never to open my lips again to him as long as I lived.

Aurel. [with sharpness.] Indeed, ma'am, I shall do no such thing! But, for goodness sake, Lucy, get that unfortunate officer's uniform out of the house; for Mandeville is so very jealous, and so very eccentric, that I should not wonder if he were to insist upon searching every corner of the place. It's strange he has not been here—I shall tremble at the sight of him. I would confess the truth, but he is so strangely whimsical, that I fear he would consider my little plot unbecoming the delicacy of a female, and I might lose him forever. But go this instant and take away that unlucky disguise.

Lucy. I will, ma'am.

Just as Lucy is going off with the Officer's Dress, a tremendous double knock is heard at the door, L. II.

Aurel. Oh, preserve me! there he is, take the dress, Lucy, into my chamber, or you'll meet him on the stairs; and while I hold him in conversation, you find an opportunity of slipping out with it.

Lucy re-enters the bed chamber, c; AURELIA takes a book and seats herself as if she were reading; MANDEVILLE enters and looks suspiciously round; AURELIA pretends not to be conscious of his presence.

Mand. [aside.] All looks quiet at any rate. I see no signs of my military spark.

Aurel. [with great naivete, as if just perceiving him.] Ah, Mandeville.

Mand. [with great coolness.] Well, Madam!

Aurel. [*aside.*] Madam ! it was he then. I must soften him ; why you're not well, Mandeville.

Mand. In most perfect health, madam.

Aurel. [*aside.*] Madam again. He's very bitter ; I musn't humor him so much—then, sir, what is the meaning of this coolness ?

Mand. Perhaps you can guess, madam.

Aurel. Suppose I plead ignorance and plainly ask you what this visit means !

Mand. Then, madam, I as plainly answer, it means, this is to be the last visit you will be troubled with from Mandeville.

Aurel. Then, sir, that I may not be indebted to you, I as plainly reply, that, since it is to be the last, the shorter it is made, the better I shall be pleased. [*aside.*] Come, I think I was a match for him there.

Mand. Very well, ma'am, I shall not intrude.

Aurel. Well, sir, are you going ? [*seats herself.*]

Mand. Yes, ma'am, don't be alarmed—I'm going, ma'am—I'm going. [*aside.*] I wish she'd ask me to remain. Yes, I'm resolved, I'll not stay another instant. [*seats himself.*] No, I'll not stay another instant.

Aurel. Well, sir, are you gone ?

Mand. Yes, I'm gone, ma'am, gone.

Aurel. [*looking round.*] Gone !

Mand. No—no—that is, I'm going. [*aside.*] But I'll be resolute—I will return it at once.

Aurel. [*aside.*] What's coming now ?

Mand. [*taking a miniature in a red morocco case out of his bosom.*] Here, ma'am, I have worn this near my heart ; but now I respect it no longer.

Aurel. Then sir, I think you had better return it to the giver.

Mand. That's what I intended, ma'am.

Aurel. Very well, sir : then give it me.

Mand. You shall have it ma'am—you shall have it.

He keeps the picture in his hand looking at it, without offering to return it.

Aurel. Well, sir, you really seem very anxious to part with it.

Mand. Oh, it's very amusing, I dare say, ma'am, but you shall have it. There, take it, madam.

MANDEVILLE, without apparently knowing what he does, takes the picture out of the case, looks at it affectionately, puts the picture in his pocket and presents the case to AURELIA.

Mand. There it is, ma'am, there it is.

Aurel. [*opening the case.*] Is it, indeed ! upon my word, I don't see it.

Mand. Oh ! I beg your pardon, ma'am. [*giving her the picture with great reluctance.*] It was all a mistake, ma'am.

Aurel. Oh, of course—and now I have it, upon my life, I don't know what I'm to do with it.

Mand. [*aside.*] Now I'll be severe—Why, now, madam, you may give it to your officer.

Aurel. [*aside.*] So, he's coming to the point at last—My officer, sir?

Mand. Yes, ma'am, your officer, your colonel, your captain, your corporal, or whatever he may be.

Aurel. Why, what in the name of goodness does ail the poor man?—I begin to be quite alarmed.

Mand. Don't be alarmed, I'm perfectly in my senses—and that you may have no excuse for not understanding me, know, madam, that I was last night at the masquerade—I there got acquainted with a certain officer—he spoke of you—my suspicions were aroused—I dogged him home, and saw him enter—this very house.

Aurel. And was that all?

Mand. Yes, ma'am, and in my opinion, enough too. Explain it if you can.

Aurel. [*aside.*] What shall I say? I have it.—Why you silly mortal, suppose you had seen a dozen officers enter, does it follow of necessity, that they must come to me? are there not other inmates in the house—and if they chose to be at the masquerade, they surely had a right to assume what character they pleased?

Mand. [*hesitating.*] Why, that's very true: upon my life, that did not strike me before. Is it possible, that I've been mistaken?

Aurel. [*aside.*] Possible! I see it's all safe. What a poor weak soul it is.

Mand. Can it be possible, I have been mistaken?

Aurel. You have, indeed—for I protest you were the last male creature I spoke to last night, and the first this morning.

Mand. Oh, I must believe you, for surely falsehood could not look so heavenly—Can you forgive me, Aurelia?

Aurel. Nay, I really don't know that I can.

Mand. On my knees then let me beg for mercy; for no humiliation can be too great for having suspected my Aurelia's truth.

Lucy, not knowing what turn the affair has taken, has been seen once or twice looking out at the bed-chamber door, c., watching for an opportunity to escape with the military dress. Seeing MANDEVILLE now with his back turned towards her, she leaves the chamber on tiptoe, with the dress under her apron; unfortunately, one of the sleeves hangs out and is quickly perceived by MANDEVILLE. He seems struck breathless—but exclaims aside,

Curse me, if she hasn't got a man under her apron.

AURELIA appears afraid to move. When just as LUCY gets to the door, MANDEVILLE starts off his knees and seizes the dress—LUCY screams, and AURELIA seems petrified.

No, no, madam, there is no escape—I have you now.

Aurel. Now the mischief is complete! [*aside.*]

Lucy. Oh my poor mistress. What will become of her.

[*She runs off, R.*]

Mand. Now, ma'am, say, who did this cursed hat belong to, that I may seek my vengeance?

Aurel. [*aside.*] What shall I say? I dare not acknowledge the truth.

Mand. What! guilt has struck you dumb, ma'am, has it?

Aurel. [*aside.*] It must be so.

Mand. Say, madam, this instant

Aurel. Well, if you must know then, they belonged to my poor dear late husband. You cruel man, to rake up his memory thus. [*weeps.*]

Mand. Your late husband.—And pray, madam, what had your late husband to do with a dress like this, when I know he was a lawyer?

Aurel. [*aside.*] I'd forgotten that.—And so he was, but though he was a lawyer, he had a gallant soul, and served in the, the—sharpshooters!

Mand. In the sharpshooters, eh? But this unfortunately happens to be a cavalry uniform.

Aurel. Well, I don't know, I suppose he wore it when he mounted guard.

Mand. Then curse me, madam, if he didn't mount guard last night, for I saw him in it.

Aurel. Oh dear, don't alarm me—I would not see the dear man in it again for the universe.

Mand. There is something in this I cannot solve.

Aurel. Then let me solve it for you. Suppose a friend of mine borrowed that dress for the masquerade, suppose that friend returned it this morning, then suppose I had made a present of it to Lucy, and all your doubts are removed.

Mand. Yes, if I could *suppose* all this—but, there's so much to *suppose*; yet, to be sure, it is possible.

Aurel. [*aside.*] Possible—he melts again—there's a lord of the creation for you!

Mand. [*considering.*] Yes, it is very possible, and if I were not obliged to draw a different conclusion, I would believe it.

Aurel. Believe that I am innocent, and then draw what conclusion you think proper.

Mand. [*aside.*] I have no means of immediate satisfaction, and so I may as well dissemble. I shall be upon my guard tho'—well, well, Aurelia: I will believe you, and there is my hand again, on condition, that you promise some day to clear up every doubt.

Aurel. I do promise you—indeed—and let us say no more on the subject. I expect my new dancing-master every instant; so fare you well till to-morrow. Mind, you're not jealous again

Mand. No, never again.

Aurel. If you are, I'll punish you for it—you are perfectly satisfied.

Mand. Yes, yes I am perfectly satisfied—

[*AURELIA enters the inner Drawing-room, c.*
that there is something still, of which you wish to keep me in ignorance. But I'll find it out: yet how? is the question—I have an idea—she is in momentary expectation of her *new* dancing-master. Splash is a clever fellow; and I know him to be devoted to my interest. He shall be this dancing-master. For when they are off their guard, he will, most likely, be able to discover what this mystery means. One of my masquerade dresses that I had to try on yesterday will be the very thing for him. Yes, yes, my pretty widow, you may yet be caught.

[*Exit MANDEVILLE, L. II.*

Enter LUCY, R. H.

Lucy. My mistress has got rid of him at last. I wonder how she managed it. Lord! what troubles those creatures are. There's Mr. Splash and his public-house have been running in my head all day. I almost begin to wish, that I were married to him, if it were only that I might care nothing about him. My mistress must have managed her own affair very cleverly, though, for Mr. Mandeville seemed to go away in a very good humor. They say, that Cupid always shoots lovers through the heart; now it's my opinion he always shoots them through the eyes, for the poor creatures are sure to become blind, as soon as he assails them. But now the mischief is done, I may as well take away this unlucky dress. [Knock, L.

She takes off the dress, and returns immediately; a loud double knock is heard at the street door.

Oh, my mistress' new dancing-master, I suppose.—[*looking off.*] Yes, and here he is.

SPLASH enters, L. H., capering very formally, disguised as a Dancing-master.

Lucy. The professor of dancing, I presume.

Splash. The same.

Lucy. Pray what name shall I tell my mistress?

Splash. Oh, the devil! I never thought of a name. However I must give one. Oh, say, that Mr. Chassez waits.

Lucy. Lor'—what a curious looking figure. I'm sure I have seen his face before tho'. [Exit Lucy to her Mistress, c.

Splash. Well, it's clear she don't suspect me—a curious whim this of my master's, turning me into a teacher of dancing; but fortunately I lived with a professor once, so I know something about the [*cuts.*] However, my chief business is to look about, and see if I can discover any thing of this terrible captain. I shall look after my little Lucy too; for it would be very curious, if, when I'm looking after the captain, I should stumble on the corporal.

SPLASH begins looking about. He is just peeping under the table.

AURELIA and LUCY enter, and perceive him, c.

Aurel. What is the man about?

Splash. Excuse me, ma'am. I was just remarking that the lower part of this table is very like the legs of a piano.

Aurel. Pray, sir, what instrument do you profess principally?

Splash. What instrument! [*aside.*] I did not know I was to be a music-master too. Oh, ma'am, one instrument is exactly the same to me as another. I can give you a lesson immediately, if you wish it, either on the kettle-drums. Irish bagpipes, Jews'-harp, or the French horn.

Aurel. I thank you, but I have no wish to study either of those instruments.

Splash. Oh, very well, ma'am; any lesson I shall give you will be equally instructive, let it be on what instrument it will.

During the whole of this scene, SPLASH continues looking anxiously about the apartment, and when noticed pretends to be trying attitudes, pirouettes, &c.

Aurel. Why, what a strange creature it is. Stop him, Lucy; I declare he's going into the bed-chamber.

Lucy. [aside.] Ma'am, I have my suspicions.

As LUCY pulls SPLASH back, she looks steadfastly at him.

Lucy. Pray, sir, what are you doing there? *[aside.]* I'm confident it's him.

Splash. I'm sure I beg your pardon. I was merely looking about me.

Aurel. Then have the kindness, sir, to look about you in this apartment.

Lucy. [aside to AURELIA.] It's as I suspected. This is all a trick, ma'am, that's Splash in disguise.

Aurel. [aside.] Splash in disguise: ridiculous!

Lucy. [aside.] Oh, I'm sure it is, just look at him, ma'am. Look at the pimple on his nose. I'd swear to him by it among ten thousand.

Aurel. [aside.] Well, I declare it is very like him.

Lucy. [aside.] Yes, ma'am, and he is sent here as a spy upon us.

Aurel. [aside.] Is he indeed! then he shall have a pretty story to take back with him.

AURELIA gives LUCY the miniature and whispers to her.

Lucy. [aside.] I will, ma'am.

Aurel. [aside.] I'll teach him to set his spies upon me.

Lucy. But first, ma'am, enjoy his embarrassment a bit—make him give you a lesson.

Aurel. I will.

[Exit LUCY, c.

Now, Mr. Professor, if you have done examining the furniture, we will begin.

Splash. With the greatest pleasure. *[aside.]* What the devil will she want me to do.

Aurel. Suppose we now invoke the aid of Terpsichore.

Splash. Terp—who!

Aurel. Of Terpsichore.

Splash. [aside.] Oh, the deuce! there's a mouthful—Terp—Terp—Terp—Oh! I shall never be able to get it out, and the worst of it is I don't know what it means.—

Aurel. Come, sir, shall it be a minuet.

Splash. [aside.] Good, it means a minuet. Oh yes, a topsy-turvy minuet, by all means.

Aurel. But, pray tell me, sir, which key do you consider the most brilliant for a dance? The major key, the minor key, the key of A, or the key of E!

Splash. [aside.] Oh lord! among such a bunch of keys, I shall never hit upon the right. But I believe impudence is every thing in most affairs. Oh, for my part, I may be singular, but I prefer the key of I.

Aurel. Why that's no key at all.

Splash. Isn't it ! Then I'm lock-jawed. [*aside.*

Aurel. But, perhaps, you will give me an idea of what you mean ?

Splash. Oh, with all the pleasure in life !

SPLASH tries to hum an air, but makes such an outrageous noise, that *AURELIA* is obliged to stop her ears.

There, that's exactly what I mean.

Aurel. Bless my soul, I never knew a dancing-master with such a pair of lungs in my life.

Splash. No, I dare say not ; there are very few dancing-masters like me.

Aurel. I should hope so—but I think if you could have given it a little lower.

Splash. Oh, the easiest thing in the world, thanks be, my voice will compass any thing from A to Z.

Aurel. [*aside.*] From A to Z ! here's effrontery !

Splash. Now then, ma'am, if you please, you can begin with a shuffle, I generally end with one. [*aside.*

As *SPLASH* sings and shews the different steps, *AURELIA* dances.

SPLASH.

Now commencez with a round about O ;
The instep thus, the pliant toe turned out O.

'Tis scarcely right, but I must not dishearten her—
Now pirouette, then chassez to your partner.

Not too much force, lest you the spirits ruffle.
But look at me, and then you'll learn to shuffle.

Now lightly trip—three demi pas avancez—
Turn to the right—croissez—and then ballancez.

Brava ! brava ! Noblet ne'er surpass'd her—
But she's so apt, and I so good a master.

Splash. [*aside.*] Bravo ! bravo ! I find my talent only wants to be discovered to be properly appreciated.

Lucy enters from the inner drawing room, c. with an officer's sabretache in her hand.

Lucy. Oh, ma'am, see what I've found in the inner drawing-room !

Splash. So, now I shall learn something.

Aurel. Well, I declare, then, when the captain left his concealment, after Mandeville's departure, this morning, he must have forgotten it.

Splash. [*aside with the utmost astonishment.*] The murder's out then ; there is a captain in the way, and my poor master stands a chance of being made one of the cattle-club, before he's even married.

AURELIA makes signs to *LUCY* to put it on the table, and leave it, which she does, and returns to the inner drawing-room.

Aurel. On Thursday, Mr. Professor, I shall have the honor of seeing you again ; till then, your most obedient.

Splash. Madam, I'm your's devotedly.

[*AURELIA re-enters the bed-chamber, c.*

Splash. Here's a pretty story for my master! If I were not afraid of being taken up for a highway robbery, I should vastly like to see what's in that. Egad! there's no one looking, and—'faith! I'll have a peep, let the consequence be what it will. [*opens the sabre-tache.*
Here's something, however.

Puts his hand in, and takes out the identical miniature, MANDEVILLE had returned to AURELIA.

If further proof were wanting, here it is—the very picture my poor master prized so much. I shall take it home to him, or he'll never believe me. Oh, what a lucky escape for him! But here's Lucy. Egad! as I find the mistress such a Lucretia, I may as well know a little more about the virtue of the maid, before I go any further.

Re-enter Lucy, c

Lucy. [*aside*] So, it's all right—he has got the picture. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you were gone.

Splash. No, Miss Lucy; I waited for the pleasure of wishing you good morning.

Lucy. Oh, sir! [*aside.*] He has taken some jealous fit into his head now, I suppose: well, if he have, he shall suffer for it—that's all I can say.

Splash. Oh, Miss Lucy!

[*pathetically.*

Lucy. Oh, Mr. Chassez!

[*imitating him.*

Splash. I have heard that you are going to be married, Miss Lucy.

Lucy. Why, sir, such a thing has been talked of, but the fact is, I have altered my mind.

Splash. That's strange, for I understand your intended was one Mr. Splash, a very clever, discreet, handsome young fellow.

Lucy. Oh, sir, then you've been terribly misinformed; Mr. Splash is exactly the contrary of what you mention—he's the most vulgar, illiterate, ordinary person you ever beheld. [*aside.*] I'll give it him, however.

Splash. [*aside.*] This is pleasant. Well, I always thought, that, at least, his beauty could not be called in question. [*conceitedly.*

Lucy. His beauty!—he's about as handsome as a hedge-hog.

Splash. [*aside.*] How damned pointed she is!

Lucy. If I had married him, I should, perhaps, have made something of him.

Splash. [*aside.*] If you had married him, you would have made something of him, I've no doubt:—I'll try her further. Do you know, Miss Lucy, I don't know how it is, but I feel a sort of *presediment* towards you myself.

Lucy. Lord, sir, you flatter me.

Splash. No, I'd scorn it: and do you know, Miss Lucy, I'd give a guinea only for a taste of those sweet-looking lips.

Lucy. [*wiping her mouth with her apron.*] Oh, sir, you're too generous a great deal.

Splash. [*aside.*] Why, curse me, if she an't going to take my money! Well, they say experience bought is the best, so I'll have a guinea's worth at all events. [*giving her the guinea.*] Here you pretty dear-looking [*kisses her.*]—[*aside.*] infernal baggage.

Lucy. Thank you, sir. You hav'n't got another guinea, have you?

Splash. No, no—I thank you; I've had quite enough.

Lucy. [*aside.*] I never thought he was such a fool.

Splash. [*aside.*] Was ever such a rhinoceros! How I should like to let her know who I am, and upbraid her for her perfidy. [*imitating her aside.*] “Those lips must never be touched by mortal man till after the ceremony at least”—no, not till after the ceremony of paying for it, I find.

Lucy. Are you going, sir?

Splash. Going—yes. [*aside.*] I wish I had been in the river before I had ever come. Oh, master, master, here's a pretty pair of us! [*going.*]

Lucy. Sir, sir; when you have got any more guineas to spare, you'll know how to dispose of them. [*aside.*] I think I have given him a dose for his disguises at any rate. [*Exit Lucy, R.*]

Splash. Well, this is cruelly agreeable! I have made some pretty discoveries this morning. The mistress conceals a captain in her cupboard, and the maid sells her kisses at a guinea apiece: I suppose they would come cheaper, though, by taking a quantity. But I have one comfort—I can go home, and make my master as miserable as myself—and curse me if I don't, too. Oh, woman, woman! [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—MANDEVILLE'S apartment.—Enter MANDEVILLE, musing,
L. H.

Mand. Alas, how tedious are the moments of uncertainty! *Splash* must have committed some blunder, or he would surely have returned ere this. I am almost distracted; for to say the least of it, that officer's entering the house at such an hour has a very strange appearance. But still, I will not believe my *Aurelia* guilty till I have more convincing proofs of her inconstancy. No, no, from this lucky idea of mine of sending *Splash* as the dancing-master, he will be able to give me the most convincing assurance of her attachment to me; he will be able at once to see that all my suspicions were unfounded, as I now am sure, they must have been. [*noise without.*] And if I still felt otherwise, here comes *Splash* to remove even the shadow of a doubt; he looks quite overcome with pleasure at the joyful tidings he has to communicate.

SPLASH enters L. H. in a state of complete abstraction, and hurries backwards and forwards without taking the least notice of his master.

Splash. [*aside.*] Oh *Lucy*! *Lucy*! thou most perfidious of all waiting women!

Mand. Tell me, *Splash*, is she not innocent?

Splash. Oh, yes sir, very innocent. She let me kiss her, without the least ceremony.

Mand. Let you kiss her, you scoundrel!

Splash. Yes, sir, after I had given her a guinea.

Mand. Why, the fellow's mad!

Splash. No, no, sir. I don't mean she let me kiss her, I mean the dancing-master.

Mand. [*collaring him.*] Why, you infernal villain.

Splash. Oh, pray forgive me, sir, for I hardly know what I'm saying. The fact is—the fact is—we're a couple of wretched individuals.

Mand. What is the meaning of all this?

Splash. Oh, sir, the meaning's too plain, when I've told you all. There, sir—look there, sir; what's the meaning of that?

[*giving his master the picture.*]

Mand. Why this is her miniature that I returned to her this morning.

Splash. Yes, sir, and that's the miniature that she gave the Captain this afternoon, who was concealed in the inner apartment while you were in the outer one, and who escaped the moment you left the place. There are discoveries I've made, all through our admirable contrivance.

Mand. *Splash.* you electrify me!

Splash. Ah, sir, and I wish somebody would electrify me too.

Mand. But are you positive?

Splash. Positive! Seeing's believing, you know, sir. From my being in disguise, they made no secret of it, whatever, but spoke of the Captain openly. That picture I found myself—in his—what-you-may-call-it, sir—a thing that hangs about his heels in the shape of a shovel without a handle. By the bye, sir, as I was coming out, I met the real professor, and if I had not shoved him down an area,—and—nearly broke his neck, all our fine scheme would been knocked on the head.

Mand. And she has sunk so low too as to let the dancing-master kiss her!

Splash. Oh no, I can't say that, sir; that was a little affair of my own—that was Miss Lucy. I find the maid's about as virtuous as the mistress, sir, we should have cut admirable figures in a short time. Oh, they are a precious pair!

Mand. Then I'll never trust woman more!

Splash. Nor I either, sir—no, we'll mingle our tears together, and rail at the whole sex!

Mand. None of your impertinence, sir,—yes, I will leave this place immediately.—I'll become a wanderer.

Splash. Yes, sir; and I'll be a wanderer too.

Mand. And so you shall—misery places us all on an equality. Give me your hand: henceforth you are my friend—you shall go where I go, and do as I do.

Splash. Thank you sir.

Mand. Yes, I'll blow out my brains, *Splash.*

Splash. Oh, sir, that would be a splash!

Mand. And so shall you, my faithful fellow!

Splash. [*aside.*] No, I'll be hang'd if I do! Why, sir, to say the truth, that's a sort of equality I'm not at all anxious of enjoying with you: in fact, it's too low for my ideas altogether. Besides, I can't see the benefit of it.

Mand. Why, Splash, I still think, she has a heart—and when I blow out my brains, I shall be revenged in knowing what she'll feel when she hears of the melancholy catastrophe.

Splash. Oh, sir, that's all very romantic ; but as I don't think it worth while to blow out my brains to mortify Lucy, why I must beg to decline keeping you company—and, I have a better idea, sir.

Mand. And what is it, Splash ?

Splash. Why, sir, to let you have your revenge on her without hurting yourself.

Mand. But how's that to be accomplished ?

Splash. Why, sir, thus—instead of your blowing out your brains in earnest, let me go and tell the widow you have done so ; and then you'll be able to enjoy your revenge. Besides, you know, it won't be too late to do it afterwards.

Mand. Admirable ! But if she be not in the most wretchedly interesting state of despair at the news, I insist on doing it in reality.

Splash. Very well, sir, you shall.

Mand. Get me my pistols, Splash ; I will put them in my pocket, that I may be prepared for the worst.

Splash [*giving him a brace*] Here they are, sir.

Mand. They are loaded, I believe !

Splash. Yes, sir, three balls in each.

Mand. So much the better.

Splash. But you will not want both pistols.

Mand. No, my friend, I shall not want them both—one of them will be sufficient for me, and the other will do for you

Splash. Yes, it will *do* for me, if I make use of it. Really, sir, you must excuse me.

Mand. No, Splash, I insist upon you shooting yourself ; it will be my last command.

Splash. Yes, and it will be my last act of obedience too, if I do it. But I think, we'd better lose no time ; you know, sir, you can wait for me down at the pump, and directly I leave the widow, I can run and tell you how she has received the news of your demise.

Mand. Really, Splash, the thoughts of her grief has quite put me in spirits,—but I insist on blowing out my brains tho', after all, if she be not interestingly affected.

Splash. Very well, sir—agreed. [*aside.*] You may make a hole in your head, but if you blow out your brains, I'll be hang'd !

Mand. What did you say, sir ?

Splash. I said, that if I were to blow out your brains, I should deserve to be hanged.

Mand. No, no ; we'll manage it better than that, we'll each shoot ourselves, and then we shall evade the law.

[*Exeunt MANDEVILLE and SPLASH, L. H.*]

SCENE III.—AURELIA's apartment : *The same as the first scene.*—*A small screen is in the room which must be sufficiently low for a person to lean over.*

Enter AURELIA, C. D.

Aurel. I wonder how my spark has received his supposed confirmation of my infidelity. I believe, I must confess the truth to him after all : but first to punish him for his suspicions, and try to cure him of his eccentricity, I mean to put on my officer's dress once more, to see how he will bear the sight of his favored rival, and when I consider myself sufficiently revenged, I will throw off my disguise and ask his forgiveness.

Enter LUCY in haste, L.

Lucy. Oh ma'am, ma'am ! there's something else in the wind ; there's more mischief brewing.

Aurel. Why do you think so ?

Lucy. Why, ma'am, just as I was looking out the upstairs' window, what should I see but Mr. Splash and his master, down by the post in the deepest consultation, presently they divided, and Splash is coming towards the house.

Aurel. Never mind, Lucy, only let us be upon our guard, and I'll be a match for him, I warrant.

Lucy. Yes, ma'am, I hope you will some day ; but Splash is here.

SPLASH enters, L. II. with his handkerchief to his eyes, and portraying all the symptoms of the most excessive sorrow.

Aurel. For heaven's sake, Splash, what is the matter ?

Splash. Oh ! oh ! oh ! ma'am !

Lucy. [*aside to AURELIA.*] This is some trick, ma'am, depend on it.

Splash. Oh dear ! oh dear ! oh dear !

Lucy. Why, you haven't got the tooth-ache, have you, Mr. Splash ?

Splash. Oh, the tooth-ache. But it's so dreadful, I shall never be able to tell you what it is.

Aurel. Now, pray, Mr. Splash, compose yourself, and let us know the worst ; for nothing can be so bad as this dreadful state of uncertainty.

Splash. Well, I suppose I may as well out with it.

Aurel. Come, now, I'm quite impatient.

Splash. You must know then, that my poor master, ma'am, had taken it into his head to be jealous of you, and all I could say in your favor would not satisfy him ; and about two hours since —

Aurel. } Well, about two hours since—?
Lucy. }

Splash. Why, about two hours since, he put a pistol to his head, and blew the whole of his brains into the h-air, oh ! oh !

Aurel. [*very coolly.*] And is it only that ?

Splash. Only that ! [*aside.*] Why, what the devil would she have. I suppose, she thinks, he ought to have blown away body and all !

Lucy. [*aside to AUREL.*] I told you it was some scheme, ma'am.

Aurel. [*aside to LUCY.*] Never mind, I'll punish him for it. Well, this is really very unfortunate

Splash. Oh, it's dreadful !

Aurel. But are you sure he's dead, Splash ?

Splash. Why, ma'am, he has got three bullets through his head, and I think the probability is, that he's not in a perfect state of activity.

Aurel. Three bullets . then he must be very dead.

Splash. Yes, ma'am, he's very dead indeed.—[*aside.*] How cursedly cool she takes it.

Aurel. But I have been thinking, Lucy — [*weeps.*]

Splash. [*aside.*] Come, she's beginning to feel it.

Aurel. I have been thinking, Lucy, whether it would not be proper for me to put on mourning on the melancholy occasion ?

Splash. [*aside.*] Upon my soul, I wish my master could see her.

Lucy. Why, ma'am, as things had gone so far, I think it would be showing a mark of respect towards the deceased, you know, you can have it made very fashionable, ma'am.

Aurel. And so I can, but still it's distressing.

Splash. Oh, dreadfully distressing ! oh !

Aurel. And so it is, to be obliged to appear in black, when rose color predominates so.

Lucy. And so it is, ma'am.

Splash. [*aside.*] I am electrified now !

Aurel. [*aside to Lucy.*] Where's my uniform ?

Lucy. [*aside to AUREL.*] Down in the back parlor.

Aurel. I fear my excessive grief will render me unfit to see company to-day, and so I'll retire and indulge in sorrow. But mind, Lucy, you don't neglect sending for the dress-maker.—Poor Mandeville ! how very weak it was of him ! I'll never forgive him for it, that I won't ! I think.—A few bugles might be introduced—a naughty—naughty man !

[*Exit AURELIA, C.*]

Splash. [*aside, mimicking her.*] A naughty. naughty man !—Well, my master may wait at the pump for a twelve-month, before I'll go and tell him this : he'd not only blow his own brains out, but perhaps mine too !

Lucy. Well, Splash, so the poor man's gone ?

Splash. Yes, Lucy.

Lucy. And, I fear by the excess of your grief, Splash —

Splash. What, Lucy ?

Lucy. That he hasn't left you a legacy.

Splash. [*aside.*] What a thoughtful soul it is.

Lucy. Not that I'm in the least interested.

Splash. No, no ; it isn't that, I've other griefs at heart.

Lucy. And what are they, Splash ?

Splash. [*aside.*] Now I'll give it her. Why, Lucy, yesterday, I met a friend—a Mr. Chassez. [*aside.*] I'll place it allegorically.

Lucy. [*aside.*] What's he about now ?

Splash. [*aside.*] How the name has struck her !—This friend told me a strange story about a lady, called Lucy ; about a guinea, and a kiss, and the deuce knows what.

Lucy. You met a friend you say !

Splash. Yes, to be sure I did—he's a friend of yours too, I believe

Lucy. What have I done ?

Splash. I'm sure I don't know, you can tell best, but I suppose you'll deny it all.

Lucy. [*aside.*] I'm not so silly—not one word of it, Splash. It's all

true ; the kiss and the guinea, both. But pardon me, Splash, I was foolish enough to think that Mr. Chassez was yourself in disguise.

Splash. [*starting with astonishment.*] No, did you tho' ? [*aside.*] What a quick-sighted toad it is. But I'll swear it wasn't me, to mortify her.

Lucy. Now tell me, Splash, wasn't it you ?

Splash. Lord bless you, how could you think I would be so foolish !

Lucy. You're sure it wasn't you ?

Splash. Positive !

Lucy. [*wiping her mouth.*] Oh, what have I done then ? I've let another man kiss me !

Splash. [*aside.*] This is delightful ! Oh, you've made a pretty business of it ! [*with affected gravity.*] Oh you little profligate !

Lucy. But forgive me, Splash, and I swear that no man but yourself shall ever touch my lips again.

Splash. Well, well, I forgive you on that condition.

Lucy. [*aside.*] Lord, what fools men are !

Splash. [*aside.*] Oh, I am the happiest dog alive ! I wonder how my poor master is, down at the pump.

Lucy. Well, Splash, I must wish you good bye now ; but you won't forget in the evening again.

Splash. No, my darling, farewell.

Lucy. [*aside, as she goes off.*] Now there's a pretty simpleton for you. [*Exit, c.*]

Splash. Oh, I'm in ecstasy. [*Going off—noise without.*]
Eh ! why if there ain't my master's rival, the captain, coming up stairs. I shall make more discoveries. I'll step behind that screen, and observe him.

[*As he is going behind the screen, Lucy opens the chamber-door, and observes him ; she immediately shuts it again and retires.*]

Splash. [*from the screen.*] Yes, yes, here I shall be able to hear and see all that passes. Not that I have any doubt remaining about Lucy. [*Hides himself.*]

Enter Lucy, c.

Lucy. [*aside.*] Behind the screen, eh ? Well, it sha'n't be my fault if he's not perfectly satisfied, at all events, and, fortunately, here comes my mistress.

Enter AURELIA in the captain's uniform, c.

Aurel. Now, Lucy.

Lucy. [*aside.*] Hush, ma'am, there's Splash hid behind the screen. Can't you make a little love to me ?

Aurel. [*aside.*] Oh, to be sure I can. Now, my dear girl, is my Aurelia visible ?

Splash. [*aside.*] His Aurelia !

Lucy. To say the truth, captain, she's now dressing ; you know she could not think of receiving you in dishabille.

Aurel. Don't hurry her ; while I have a pretty maid to keep me company. I don't mind waiting a few moments for the widow.

Lucy. Oh, captain, you're very gallant.

Splash. [aside.] Very.

Aurel. And really, my dear, before Aurelia comes, I positively must have a kiss of those pouting lips.

Splash. [aside.] Well, one good thing, she has sworn not to let any one kiss her but myself.

[AURELIA and LUCY toying together.

Lucy. Really, you military gentlemen are so very persevering.

Aurel. But not the less welcome, I warrant. [kisses her.

Splash. [aside.] If she an't forsworn before my face! but he's not a man, I suppose, he's a gentleman.

Lucy. [aside.] I wonder how Mr. Splash likes that. [noise without.

Lucy. [aside.] There is some one coming.—You had better retire, captain, if you please, to the inner drawing-room.

Aurel. As you please, my darling; but come hither. Lucy, for I positively must have another kiss.

Exeunt AURELIA and LUCY to the inner drawing-room, c.

Splash. I think I ought to be satisfied now. I wish I could escape, but some one else is coming. [looking off.] Confound it—if it an't my master! I mustn't let him see me, or he'll out with his pistols in a minute.
[goes behind the screen again.

Enter MANDEVILLE, L. H.

Mand. I am confident that Splash has played me false. I have been waiting this hour for him down at that cursed pump. But I am resolved now to be trifled with no longer, and come to an explanation at once [noise without.] Some one approaches.

Enter AURELIA from the inner drawing-room in her military dress, c.

By all my fears, my rival!

Splash. [aside.] Yes, there he is; there'll be a pretty set-to.

Aurel. [aside.] So, here is the dead man; now to prepare for a storm.

Mand. [aside.] I would have instant satisfaction, but I will not let him enjoy the triumph of knowing who I am.

Aurel. A friend of the widow's, I presume?

Mand. I was. You, I believe, are still a friend of her's?

Aurel. A very particular one.

Splash. [aside.] What the devil are they going at now?

Mand. You have business here, I suppose?

Aurel. Very urgent business; in fact, the case stands thus:—Aurelia and myself have been, for some time, affectionately attached to each other; unfortunately, she had given her word to another, and resolved to keep it; now this other, as, of course, you will guess, was a very weak, simple sort of a personage—

Mand. No sir, I should guess quite the contrary

Aurel. Only hear me out.

Splash. [aside.] I wish I could get out.

Aurel. And if you don't agree with me then, I'll give up the point.

For what should you think? In this state of affairs, this poor foolish devil, in a fit of jealousy, has not only been kind enough to me, but cruel enough to himself to blow his brains out. Not that I suspect he ever had many; and I dare say you think so too.

Mand. Sir, whatever I may think, I'll thank you to proceed.

Aurel. Well sir, he having blown out his brains, every obstacle is removed. The widow writes to me, and I now come to supply the place of her former lover. A lucky dog, an't I!

[slaps MANDEVILLE on the shoulder.]

Splash. *[aside.]* Hit him again, sir.

Mand. *[aside.]* Who could have thought my Aurelia had been so completely worthless.

Aurel. But before I open my confidence any further, may I beg to know to whom I have the honor of speaking?

Mand. *[aside.]* I have been such a fool, that, curse me, if I an't ashamed to tell him who I am!

Aurel. Will you favor me with your name?

Mand. My name, sir, can be of little importance, let it suffice that I am a gentleman, and a friend of this poor foolish devil's.

Splash. *[aside.]* Oh, he's friend, is he? he's placing it allegorically too.

Aurel. You may be his friend, but all I can say is, that to boast of his friendship, is but a poor compliment to your own wisdom.

Mand. Sir, I will put up with this no longer. I demand the satisfaction of a gentleman.

Aurel. Oh, very well, sir, you shall have any satisfaction you think proper; name your time and place.

Mand. Sir, there is no time or place, so proper as this apartment and the present moment.

Aurel. Oh, very well, sir, I'm perfectly agreeable. *[aside.]* I know there are no arms in the house, and so I may as well show my bravery.

Mand. I'm glad to find you so ready.

Aurel. I'm ready this instant—it can't be settled too quickly.

Splash. *[aside.]* Why if they an't going to fight in earnest.

Mand. *[taking the pistols out of his pockets.]* Luckily I'm provided. —Here, sir, choose your weapon.

AURELIA seems ready to faint at the sight of them.

Aurel. *[aside.]* What a murderous fellow it is. I would not have ventured a syllable about fighting, if I had thought there had been a pistol within a mile of me.

Mand. Come, sir, no trifling, take your choice.

Aurel. *[aside.]* What shall I do? if I scream out, I shall be obliged to discover the whole plot. I have it, I'll place myself close to Splash, he'll surely not let his master fire that way.

Mand. Come, sir, take your position.

Aurel. *[running towards the screen.]* This is my ground.

Splash. *[looking over the screen in the greatest agony.]* Why if he ain't—come—close to me, I shall have three bullets through me presently!

Mand. How are we to arrange the signal !

Aurel. As you please.

Splash. [*aside.*] Oh, curse the signal ! I can never stand this !

Mand. Very well, sir ; when I say *One, Two, Three*, we'll both fire together.

Splash. [*aside.*] Yes, and I shall drop between you.

Aurel. [*aside.*] If *Splash* don't call out, I must.

Splash. [*aside.*] Oh I'm a dead man to a certainty !

Mand. One—Two—

Splash. Hold ! hold ! flesh and blood can bear it no longer !

[*SPLASH* throws down the screen and discovers himself.

Aurel. [*aside.*] Thank Heaven ! I was just going to fall on my knees ! [*to MAND.*] This affair must be settled then at another opportunity, till then farewell. [*Exit AURELIA into the bed-chamber, c.*

Mand. [*to SPLASH.*] What did you do there, scoundrel ?

Splash. Nothing, sir, nothing

Mand. Then you should have laid quiet till I had fired.

Splash. I should have laid *quiet* enough, if I had—no, no, I thank you, sir, you might have shot at the pigeon and killed the crow, perhaps.

Mand. Very true—very true. Let me consider awhile.

[*seats himself.*

Splash. [*aside.*] I hope he'll go home quietly. It's my firm opinion, he's out of his mind.

Mand. Well, *Splash* ?

[*musings.*

Splash. Well, sir, what shall we do now !

Mand. Why, now, *Splash*, we'll put our design into execution :—here, take your pistol. [*offering him one.*

Splash. Lord, sir, you're not in earnest ?

Mand. Do you consider blowing out your brains a joke ?

Splash. No, sir ; upon my soul, I consider it no joke at all.

Mand. Then, sir, if you have the least respect for me, shoot yourself this instant

Splash. Shoot myself ! Lor', nonsense, sir ! it would be the death of me.

Mand. Sir, this levity ill becomes the awful occasion.

Splash. Levity be hanged, sir ! A joke's a joke, you know ; but I don't see the fun of this.

Mand. Sir, I'm resolute.

Splash. Yes, sir, and so am I ; and I'll be shot if I blow my own brains out to please any body.—Why, sir, it would be downright parricide.

Mand. Parricide ! suicide, I suppose, you mean.

Splash. Well, sir it's all the same, and both sides are bad enough.

Mand. [*musings.*] Right, *Splash* ; self-murder will not sound well. It would not read well in the newspapers.

Splash. No, sir, very badly indeed, or else I should have no objection.

Mand. No, no—I have it ; I will put my pistol to your head, and you shall put yours to mine ; and then, when I pull my trigger, do you pull yours, and all will be over.

Splash. Yes ; and as you're so accommodating, perhaps, you'll indulge me by letting me have the first pull.

Mand. Come, sir, take your pistol, or I will execute you first, and then myself.

[*Follows SPLASH round the stage, presenting the pistols at him.*]

Splash. Why, he's quite mad. Here ! help ! help !

Enter LUCY, R.

Lucy. In the name of wonder, what does all this mean ?

Splash. Why, it means, that my master's going to blow my brains out.

Lucy. Oh, impossible !

Splash. Ah, it's very true though, for all that.

Mand. No more, sir ; and if you can exist in a world, where such women are—live !

Splash. Thank you, sir.

Mand. I shall consider further on the business.

[*Exit MANDEVILLE, L.*]

Splash. Yes, and so shall I, before I do it. So, ma'am, I've made more discoveries—no one but myself should ever touch those lips. Oh, you false one !

Lucy. Well, sir, if you were mean enough, after what I said, to suspect my truth, and conceal yourself, in order to detect me, I'm very glad you met with just the reward you deserved, and so farewell.

Lucy enters the bed-chamber.

Splash. Here's consolation, however. No, my master's right—he's perfectly right—I will not live in a world, with such women. I'll run after him immediately, and if he's still in the same mind, I'll shatter my brains out, blow me !

[*Exit, L. H.*]

Re-enter MANDEVILLE, L. H.

Mand. I had forgotten one thing still : as I have altered my mind about shooting myself, I think I had better leave my card with the captain, in order that he may do it for me. Some one comes. It is Aurelia !

Enter AURELIA in her female attire, c. ; she affects alarm and astonishment at the sight of him.

Aurel. Ah, can it be !

Mand. What does she mean ? Right, she has heard of my death, and now she fancies I have come to reproach her for her falsehood. Let me undeceive her.—Aurelia ! [*very gravely.*]

Aurel. Oh dear ! look at his eyes !

Mand. Why, what's the matter with my eyes. [*rubbing them.*] Think not I mean to reproach you, Aurelia.

Aurel. No, that's right, don't ; but go home again, and be buried decently.

Mand. Perhaps I ought not to be here ?

Aurel. No, you ought to be lying quietly in your shroud ;—oh don't come near me !

Mand. I am not what you take me for, madam.

Aurel. What, a'n't you your ghost, then ?

Mand. No, madam, I am no more a ghost than you are.

Aurel. What, and is this your own natural body after all ?

Mand. It is, upon my soul !

Aurel. Well, who would have thought you could have come to life again, after having had *three bullets* through your head.

Mand. Madam, the story of my death was all a trick invented to put your affection for me to the proof.

Aurel. And I'm sure you must have been convinced of my affection for you, for I grieved most bitterly——

Mand. Yes, ma'am, till the captain came to dry your tears.

Aurel. I could not help his coming, and I'll send him away if you like.

Mand. Oh no, ma'am, keep him—now you've got him.

Aurel. What, you wo'n't have me, then ?

Mand. Have you ! if I thought my love could so far get the better of my reason I would not live another hour.

Aurel. Well if you wo'n't, you wo'n't, you know ; but it's very cruel of you.

Mand. Cruel of me !—no, no ; and to show how much affection I have still remaining for you, I will offer my hand to the very first woman I shall meet.

Aurel. What, and will you marry her too ?

Mand. Yes, I swear by all my hopes of happiness, I will, tho' she should prove as ugly as Satan, and as old as sin.

Aurel. [*aside.*] Then it will be very odd, if I can't find a wife for you.

Mand. And now, madam, I have nothing more to say, than to bid you farewell for ever.

Aurel. Farewell. [*aside.*] But not for ever, tho'.

[*AURELIA enters the bed-chamber, c.*]

Mand. So, I have seen her then, for the last time ; and I've made a silly vow, too.—But no matter, now.

SPLASH comes running on, with a bill in his hand, L. H.

Splash. Oh, sir ! sir ! I've made such another discovery !

Mand. Some new *pleasure*, I suppose.

Splash. Why, sir, you must know, I began to suspect something ; and ever since you came in, I've been watching at the door.—Just now, fancying I belong'd to the house, a man put this bill into my hand—read it sir,—read it !

Mand. [*reading.*] “ Mrs. Aurelia Fairlove, to Henry Cross-stitch.”

Splash. Go on, sir.

Mand. “ A military hat and feather.”

Splash. Go on, sir.

Mand. “ Item, a pair of boots and spurs,”—Very odd for a lady.

Splash. Go on, sir.

Mand. “ Item, a military coat.” Stranger still !

Splash. But, go on, sir.

Mand. "A pair of trowsers." What is the meaning of all this?

Splash. Why, sir, the meaning is, what we ought to have found out some hours ago, if we hadn't been a couple of precious ninnies—saving your presence, sir;—but the plain meaning of it is, that the Widow has been playing the captain herself the whole time, on purpose to make fools of us.

Mand. Conviction strikes upon me. Don't say another word, *Splash*, but take me to Bedlam at once.

Splash. Yes, sir, and put you among the incurables;—but, what's the matter now?

Mand. Oh, *Splash*, I'm the most miserable man that ever breathed!

Splash. Why, what have you been doing, sir?

Mand. Listen, *Splash*: in a fit of jealousy and revenge, I've made a solemn vow, to wed the first woman I shall meet.

Splash. Then, sir, upon my soul, I give you up. But, no—I have it, sir; contrive that the widow shall be the first woman you meet, and your vow may be kept without injuring your happiness.

Mand. Right—right, *Splash*.

Aurel. [*without.*] There, that will do, *Lucy*.

Mand. And, fortunately, here she comes. This moment decides my fate.

Splash. Yes, sir, and mine, too.

Mand. } It is—it is—
Splash. }

The chamber-door opens, and AURELIA appears in a hood and cloak, as an old woman, c.

Mand. } The Devil!
Splash. }

Mand. Worse, a great deal. Why it's old Dorothy, the nurse.

Splash. Then old Dorothy be *hanged*.

Mand. If she's a maid, or a widow, my future bride, by all that's abominable!

Splash. Yes, sir, you're in for it.

Mand. But I may as well come to the point at once, and so here goes. [*to AURELIA.*] Are you a maid, wife, or a widow?

Aurel. [*in a disguised voice.*] In truth, I am a widow, sir.

Mand. [*imitating her.*] Ah, I thought so—I'm a happy man: but I need not lose any time in courtship.

Splash. No, sir; she has very little to spare, I'll answer for it.

Mand. Will you have me for a husband, you old hag?

Aurel. Yes, if you'll use me kindly: I know the duty of a husband.

Mand. The devil doubt you.

Splash. Yes, of half-a-dozen, I should think.

Aurel. And, though I appear so old, I may have some hidden charms.

Mand. Your hidden charms must be delectable.

Splash. Yes, sir,—don't you long to revel in 'em?

Mand. Oh, *Splash*, support me, this horrible old woman has completed every thing.

Splash. But it's no use taking it to heart now, sir—you may as well take her home, and love and cherish her.

Mand. Hold your tongue, you scoundrel, or I'll make you marry her.

Splash. No, sir, I thank you, not while there's a halter in the world.

Aurel. Mr. Mandeville—Mr. Mandeville !

Splash. There, sir, your wife's calling you. Throw your arms round her neck.

Mand. Silence, puppy ! I'll throw her into the fish pond, and myself after her.

Aurel. Why, you're not half so loving as my first husband was.

Mand. Loving, eh ? Why, you sister of Satan—you antidote to love—you bride for Belzebub ! I haven't seen you yet ; but let me look at your vinegar face, that I may know the summit of my bliss.

MANDEVILLE pulls off the hood and discovers AURELIA.

Aurelia ! then I see it all.

Splash. Yes, sir,—shall I take you to Bedlam, now !

Mand. I have been outwitted, indeed.

Splash. Yes, sir ;—you may deceive a maid, perhaps a wife ; but, in future, take care how you tackle with a widow.

Mand. I feel the justice of it, and I bless you for the lesson you have given me.

Aurel. [*to SPLASH.*] Have you no one to give you a lesson, too ?

Splash. Oh, no ; the lessons I receive are too valuable to be given away. I paid a guinea for the first this morning.

Lucy. Never mind, Splash ; you shall have them cheaper for the future.

Splash. Oh, bless you.

Aurel. Then our happiness is complete, if the friends around us will but grant their forgiveness to the thoughtless follies of the

YOUNG WIDOW.

THE END.

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

THOMAS G. RODWELL, ESQ.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:
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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Original, London.</i>	<i>Mitchell's Olympic, New York, 1840.</i>	<i>National, Boston, 1844.</i>	<i>National, Boston, 1844.</i>	<i>Mitchell's Olympic, New York, 1849.</i>
OLD MELBOURNE,.....	Mr. Wilkinson	Mr. D. Anderson	Mr. S. D. Johnson	Mr. Cardlitch.	Mr. Henry
YOUNG MELBOURNE,.....	" Chapman	" G. Clarke	" A. W. Fenno	" A. W. Fenno	" Chanfran
TRAP,.....	" Salter	" Roberts	" Linden	" Linden	" Conover
LARRY,.....	" Power	" S. D. Johnson	" J. Brougham & " W. A. Chapman	" S. D. Johnson	" Cunningham
LOUISA LOVEMORE,.....	Miss Booth	Mrs. Lewis	Mrs. Abbott	Mrs. Abbott	Miss Phillips
SUSAN,.....	" Parrock	" Randolph	Miss Ayres	Miss Ayres	" Taylor
LETTY,.....	" Bryan	" S. D. Johnson	" Parker	" Parker	Mrs. Isherwood
OLD MELBOURNE,.....	Mr. Townsend	Mr. Fisher	Mr. Thayer	Mr. Paullin	Mr. Fisher
YOUNG MELBOURNE,.....	" Hanley	" Stearns	" D. P. Bowers	" Stoddart	" Shewell
TRAP,.....	" Strahan	" Vining	" Bradley	" Pardey	" Hall
LARRY,.....	" Cunningham	" Cunningham	" John Drew	" Cunningham	" John Drew
LOUISA LOVEMORE,.....	Miss Pentland	Miss V. Howard	Miss Kinloch	Mrs. Flemming	Miss C. Bernard
SUSAN,.....	" Graham	Mrs. Da Costa	Mrs. F. Drew	Miss Julia Daly	" G. Kinloch
LETTY,.....	Mrs. Jones	" Stone	Miss Bernard	" Taylor	Mrs. Wilks

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — Forty-five minutes.

COSTUME. *Old Melbourne.* — Blue coat, brass buttons; buff vest; nankeen breeches and short gaiters; white silk stockings; white cravat; bald head; broad-brimmed white hat, turned up with green. *Young Melbourne.* — Modern walking dress. *Larry.* — Black pantaloons; striped vest; light green body livery coat. *Trap.* — Black great-coat and pantaloons. *Susan.* — Colored muslin; small cap. *Letty.* — Colored muslin, and small cap. *Louisa.* — Handsome silk dress.

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Handsome Chamber, 3 G. Toilet table and glass on L. H.; table, covered, on R. H., on it writing desk, pens, ink and paper, wafers, portfolio of paper, in it blank letter sealed; unlighted candle on table; two chairs on R. H.; two chairs on L. H.*

SUSAN discovered, admiring herself in a looking glass, L. H.

Sus. There, considering how little time I've taken, (for I haven't yet been above two hours and a quarter at the glass,) I don't think I look so much amiss. It's a pity I haven't got a little more time to give each of my ringlets the true irresistible turn; but I'm in momentary expectation of the arrival of Mr. Larry Hoolagan, valet de chambre to my mistress's intended, and if fate should only smile on our little innocent desires, my future spouse. O, he's a charming fellow! he possesses such amiable sensibility, such an insinuating address, such an elegant brogue, and such a handsome leg! O, I am delighted with him! — and, then, how romantic it will sound to be called Mrs. Hoolagan. I declare, it's a sweet name. (LARRY heard singing without, L. H. 1 E.) Ah, he comes! I hear his beautiful voice echoing up the staircase, like the warbling sonnet of the dying swan.

LARRY enters, L. H. 1 E.

Lar. (L. H.) Who's like a swan, my darling?

Sus. (R. H.) You, Mr. Hoolagan.

Lar. I like a swan? O, don't be after making a goose of me, my duck.

Sus. No matter what you are, so as your heart is in the right place.

Lar. Nobody ought to know better than yourself whether it's in the right place or not; for it has been in your possession this many a long day.

Sus. So it has, Larry; but you'll confess I came honestly by it, though.

Lar. To be sure you did, my darling; for you stole it at least a twelvemonth ago, as honestly as woman could do.

Sus. But tell me, Mr. Hoolagan, haven't you got a letter for my mistress this morning?

Lar. Och, to be sure I have! and one for your own sweet self, too, that I mean to deliver by word of mouth.

Sus. And what is it, pray?

Lar. It's just this, my dear: that as our master and mistress are going to be married, I think we can't do a worse thing than follow a good example.

Sus. But are you sure they'll be married, though? You know they've been on the point of marriage three several times before — last time they were even on the road to church.

Lar. Yes, and then quarrelled and turned back, because they couldn't agree about which way the wind blew.

Sus. Very true, indeed.

Lar. Fait! they say it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; by the powers, I think it's a good wind that blows nobody any harm; for if that confounded wind hadn't kicked up such a dust, I'd have had as nate a hundred-pound note in my pocket as ever was coined!

Sus. Yes, and I should have had another.

Lar. True — that your mistress and my master are to give us on the day of their wedding.

Sus. Well, all that we've got to do is, to mind that nothing occurs to produce a quarrel again.

Lar. Leave me alone for that.

Sus. By the by, Larry, I wonder what that letter contains you've brought for my mistress?

Lar. Fait! so do I; and I wondered all the way as I came along. I peeped into it, and round it, and through it a dozen times; but as I can't read a single word, I'm not much the wiser for what I saw.

Sus. Not read, Larry?

Lar. No, my darling; they didn't teach reading at the school I went to.

Sus. But still I should like to be certain that that letter will do no mischief.

Lar. It's mighty easy to be certain of that, my dear.

Sus. How, Larry, how?

Lar. Why, never to deliver it, my darling.

Sus. Ah, but suppose we should be found out, though.

Lar. Found out! Boder! Who'd be after finding us out? I warrant the letter'll never speak if nobody opens its mouth, and I'll take care of that. (*Showing the letter.*) Besides, only perceive, it looks mischievous; only see what a pale face it has. I'd be upon my davy it's full of diabolicals, only by the seal.

Sus. Well, really, I think it would be the safest way not to deliver it.

Lar. To be sure it would. No, no, I'll put it in my pocket, and forget that I ever saw it.

Sus. Hush, Larry, hush, here comes mistress; now mind.

Enter LOUISA, R. H. 1 E.

Lou. (R. H.) Melbourne's servant here! — Tell me, what news of your master? Have you no letter for me?

Lar. (L. H., *aside to SUSAN*.) Now, what will I be after saying ?

Sus. (C., *aside*.) How should I know ?

Lou. Quick, quick, he must have written to me.

Lar. (*Aside*.) It goes against my conscience (*crosses to c.*) to tell a lie ; but, by de honor of an Irishman, I must out with a plump un.

Lou. (R. H.) Come, sir, answer me this instant.

Lar. (C.) A letter for you, ma'am ? O, the devil a bit o' one. Is there, Susan ?

Sus. (L. H., *aside*.) Hush !

Lou. I'm sure he must have written.

Lar. He may, or he may not, I can hardly say ; but I reckon you'll get no letter from him this post. Do you, Susan, my dear ?

Sus. There seems little probability of it, at present.

Lou. Surely you must have put the letter in your pocket, and forgotten it.

Lar. (*Aside*.) O, by my soul, she's a witch ; she knows I'm determined to forget it.

Lou. Well, 'tis very strange ; but I'll just write a line to him, and know the reason of it. (*Sits herself at the desk, R. H.*)

Sus. (*Aside to LARRY*.) There now, my mistress will write to know why she hasn't had a letter, and then good by to my hundred pounds.

Lar. (*Aside to SUSAN*.) Ditto to mine, my dear ; but don't be alarmed. I'll give her a word of advice, and if she don't take my advice, confound me, if I take her letter.

Sus. (*Aside*.) Mind what you say.

Lar. Hush ! — Ma'am ! ma'am !

Lou. (*With surprise*.) Well, sir ?

Lar. Excuse me for dictating a word or two ; but though my master's a most charming gentleman, as your ladyship knows, yet he's apt to be a little cantancarious, now and then ; and, therefore, I'm thinking that, perhaps, it might be as well not to say any thing about your not having received a letter from him this morning, for I'm confident it isn't his fault.

Sus. O, and so am I, ma'am.

Lou. O, don't be alarmed : I shall not say too much.

Lar. And even if your ladyship thought proper just to say, in a sort of a left-handed way, that you thank him for his kind note, I've no doubt he'd feel the reproof.

Sus. (*Aside*.) I have.

Lou. I thank you for your suggestion ; but the letter is now finished. There, (*giving it to LARRY*.) it is a little severe ; but not half so bad as he deserves. Mind it isn't lost.

Lar. O, leave me alone for keeping a letter safe — eh, Susan ?

Sus. (*Aside*.) Hush !

Lou. Susan, follow me to my chamber. (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Sus. Yes, ma'am. (*Crosses, R.*)

Lar. O, if the hundred pounds ain't in my pocket now, it never shall be. By my soul, I was born for a prime minister of the post office.

Sus. But shall you deliver my mistress' letter ?

Lar. O, to be sure I shall; after what I said, where's the danger?

Sus. But, I say, Larry, as you're above being able to read, mind you don't make a blunder, and deliver the wrong letter.

Lar. O, do you think I'm a fool? No, no: see, my darling, if I put my master's letter into the right hand pocket, and my mistress's into the left, the devil a bit of blunder can I make then.

Sus. Then, now I must go and perfume my mistress's handkerchief, and I believe I must put a little lip-salve on my own lips too.

Lar. Pooh, nonsense, my dear, the very best lip-salve a woman can have is a kiss from the man that adores her. (*Kisses her.*) There, my dear; if they ain't better now, we'll lay it on a little thicker by and by.

Sus. O, what a charming fellow! (*Exeunt, R. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE II. — *Room in YOUNG MELBOURNE'S Apartment, 1 G. D. F. L. H., practical; D. F. R. H., practical.*

YOUNG MELBOURNE enters, reading a letter, D. F. R. H.

Y. Mel. Now I am alone, let me again read my uncle's letter. (*Reads.*) "My dear boy — by the time you receive this letter, I shall once more breathe my native air. My very soul seems bounding at the idea of again beholding you: twenty years' residence in India has made me look forward to the happy moment of our meeting with almost a childish anxiety; for, from the high account I have heard of your goodness of heart, I am confident I shall meet a most affectionate welcome. —" You shall, indeed. Thus my happiness will be complete. My uncle arrives — pays all my debts — I wed Louisa, and nought but sunshine crowns the remainder of our days. (*LARRY heard without, L. H. 1 E.*) But here comes Larry; now, then, for Louisa's reply.

Enter LARRY, L. H. 1 E.

Well, Larry, have you got any letter for me?

Lar. (*L. H.*) O, to be sure I have, and a beautiful one it is — (*aside*) — if she only put in what I told her.

Y. Mel. (*R. H.*) Give it me, then, and run this instant and prepare my things for dressing. I musn't receive my uncle in dishabille.

Lar. To be sure I will. — (*Aside.*) Now let me be after taking care I don't make a bit of a blunder here. (*Considering.*) O, here's a slip of the tongue, if I haven't clean forgot which pocket I put it in.

Y. Mel. Come, sir, the letter.

Lar. Yes, sir, directly. — (*Aside.*) It was the left — no, the left's not right; no, it was the right — no, by the powers! the right's wrong. It's a pity I hadn't been born a great big two-penny-postman, and then I'd have known which letter to have delivered.

Y. Mel. Come, sir.

Lar. Directly, sir. — (*Aside.*) O, let me look at 'em, and then, perhaps, I'll be after knowing which is the masculine, and which is

the feminine. (*Taking both letters out of his pocket, and anxiously looking at them.*) O, confound it! they're exactly like me and my elder brother, a couple of twin blackguards — there's no telling one from t'other.

Y. Mel. What is the meaning of this hesitation?

Lar. Hesitation, do you call it? — (*Aside.*) I think it's boderation. I wish my master couldn't read, and then I'd give him a choice of 'em. But, however, he must have one, and so here goes. (*LARRY gives letter.*)

Y. Mel. (*Without looking at the letter.*) That's right.

Lar. (*Aside.*) O, that's beautiful! I thought I couldn't make a blunder if I tried.

Y. Mel. (*Looking at the letter with astonishment.*) Death and the devil! if Louisa hasn't returned my letter unopened! Tell me, Larry, did Louisa say any thing when she gave you the letter?

Lar. Fait! I hardly remember.

Y. Mel. Come, come, sir, tell me this instant.

Lar. You're not angry with her, are you, sir?

Y. Mel. (*Aside.*) At least I'll not confess I am. No, no; rather pleased than otherwise. — (*Aside.*) Confusion!

Lar. (*Aside.*) It's all right, I see; I'd better tell him no lie at all, but the naked truth.

Y. Mel. Come, come, sir, this instant, for I see there's something — what did she say?

Lar. Fait! all she said, sir, was — you know merely in a jocular sort of a way.

Y. Mel. Well, what?

Lar. Why, sir, said she, Larry dear, it's a little severe, but not half so bad as your master deserves. It was all a joke, though, you know.

Y. Mel. Yes, a pretty sort of a joke! but I'll let her know I'm not the fond, contemptible fool she takes me for.

Lar. Here'll be a crash in the china closet!

Y. Mel. Yes, yes; I'll to my chamber this instant, and I'll write her a letter that shall make her heart ache, if she have one. I shall trust to your ingenuity, Larry, to see that she reads it.

Lar. Leave that to me, sir; depend on it she shall read it, as certainly as she did the one I tooked her this morning.

Y. Mel. None of your impertinence, sir. — (*Aside.*) Thus I am made the laughing stock of my own servant; but I'll be revenged. (*Going, R. H.*)

Lar. But, I say, sir, suppose the nabob, our uncle, should arrive when you're up stairs, what am I to do with him?

Y. Mel. Right. Let not my passion make me forget my duty to the best of men. Treat him with every politeness, usher him into the drawing room, and the moment I have done writing, I will descend; mind, now, treat him with every respect.

Lar. O, don't be afraid of Larry Hoolagan. I'll make him as welcome as a whiskey bottle.

Y. Mel. But not too much familiarity, sir.

Lar. O, the devil a bit, sir. Do you think I don't know how to

do the genteel thing? But, I say, sir — suppose our other friend should come again, what am I to do with him?

Y. Mel. Our other friend? — O! I suppose you mean the bailiff.

Lar. Fait! I do, sir; but bailiff's an ugly word to mention in genteel company.

Y. Mel. Why, kick him down stairs — throw him out of window — in fact, do any thing you like with him, so that you don't let him come near me. (*Exit, door R. F.*)

Lar. By my mother's beautiful son, and that's my elegant self, then I'll give it him, if I only catch his ugly nose on this side of the street door. There's something in all my master says I don't exactly understand — he's going to write something desperate to his mistress, too. Well, I'm the postman, and it will be my fault if it ever comes to hand. (*Exit LARRY, R. H. 1 E.*)

Enter TRAP, disguised as OLD MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.)

Trap. I've gammoned 'em so far, however. How lucky I happened to hear of the expected arrival of Old Melbourne from India. Trap, of the Station House, is too well known ever to succeed under his own colors. The game I have in view is a terrible shy cock; but in this disguise of his uncle I think I shall bring him down. If I only once get a fair aim at him, he's bagged to a certainty. (*LARRY sings without, R. H.*) Ah! some one's here; then I must come the important.

Enter LARRY, R. H. 1 E.

Lar. (*Examining TRAP.*) O, by my soul, it's him! That beautiful copper-colored face of his speaks volumes, without ever opening its mouth.

Trap. (*Aside.*) What's the booby staring at? I hope he don't suspect me.

Lar. (*Very obsequiously.*) My duty to your honor.

Trap. Ay; tell me, is Mr. Melbourne in the way?

Lar. Och, to be sure he's not, at this present writing. But why do you say Mr. Melbourne? Why don't you speak of him in a true fatherly way, and call him your nevey?

Trap. (*Aside.*) 'O, it's all right. — Eh! what! you know me, do you?

Lar. Ha, to be sure I do! I'm up to trap, my darling.

Trap. The devil you are!

Lar. To be sure I am; and I hope it won't be long before I have the pleasure of drinking your good-looking health in that beautiful half crown that you've just made up your mind about giving me.

Trap. No, never mind that now. — (*Aside.*) That would be supporting the character rather too naturally. But tell me, is my nephew in the way? — I long to come near him.

Lar. I'll be bound you do; but you see the fact is, he can't exactly be said to be at home just now, for this reason, because you see he's out; but if your noble mightiness would have the condescension just to step into the drawing room for a few moments —

Trap. O, with the greatest pleasure. — (*Aside.*) I shall nibble him.

Lar. This way, your honor, this way. I hope you'll do something handsome for him now.

Trap. Depend on it, when once I behold him, he shall never go out of my sight again till I've provided for him. (*Ushers TRAP into the drawing room, D. L. F.*)

Lar. O, what a beautiful, kind-hearted creature it is! I see we shall be all cheek by jowl in no time, like a row of sheep's heads on a butcher's block. I think my master will have no cause to grumble at this day's work. But I'd better just run and tell him that he's arrived, in order that he may prepare himself for the interesting interview. (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Enter OLD MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

O. Mel. Well, here I am once more in my native land, and under the very roof, too, with the only relation I have in the world. What a delightful meeting it will be! — I could hardly help kissing the maid who let me in, out of pure joy. (*LARRY heard without, 1 E. R. H.*)

O. Mel. Ah, that is his servant, I suppose; some warm-hearted Irishman that he has left here to welcome me. I shall hug the rascal if the master don't come directly.

Enter LARRY, R. H. 1 E., who looks at him with astonishment.

How surprised he seems! — I'll see if he'll discover who I am.

Lar. (*Aside.*) Is it himself, or somebody else? By my soul, that chap's quite another person. Yes, it's another copper-colored gentleman. I never knowed we had a couple of nabobs for uncles before.

O. Mel. How astonished he seems!

Lar. (*Aside.*) O, Larry, mind what you're about. I'm after smelling a rat, and that's the truth of it. I'll be upon my davy this is our friend the bum-bailiff himself, under false appearances. But I'll go straight forward to work, and cross-examine him at once. Good morning, sir; I've been watching some time for you, sir.

O. Mel. O, what, you've found me out, have you?

Lar. O, to be sure I have, with half an eye. Did you think to bamboozle me? By my faith, your head must be mighty thick for you to suppose I couldn't see through it.

O. Mel. (*Aside.*) He's cursed complimentary. Do you know who I am?

Lar. O, to be sure I do, in spite of your copper-colored nose that you've been rubbing over with brick dust.

O. Mel. I rubbing my nose with brick dust! Why, you scoundrel! what is the meaning of all this? I tell you you're deceived, sir.

Lar. No, sir, I am not deceived, though you've tried it on pretty neatly. But there's Station House written as plainly upon your ugly forehead as it is upon the corner house, and luckily you've come a

a little too late; and there's only one thing I should like, now, before you go.

O. Mel. And pray what's that?

Lar. To knock your ugly old jaws about; and if you ain't off with a hop, skip, and a jump, by the powers I'll be after doing it, too.

O. Mel. You will, will you? Tell me, sir, did your master order you to treat me so?

Lar. No, to be sure he didn't.

O. Mel. No, certainly not.

Lar. No, he merely telled me to kick you down stairs, or throw you out of window.

O. Mel. O, he did, did he? I'll disinherit the rascal! But, tell me, sir, what reason have you or my nephew for treating me thus?

Lar. My reasons are at my fingers' ends; and if you ain't out of the house in a pig's whisper, by the powers you shall have a belly full of 'em.

O. Mel. I'll cut the ungrateful monster off with a shilling.

Lar. I'll cut you off the face of the earth like a leprechaun, if you're not off in a whistle. (*Putting himself in a boxing attitude.*)

O. Mel. Out, you scoundrel! (*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Lar. If he had staid in the room another five minutes, in less than half that time he should have found himself out of the window in the middle of the street.

Enter YOUNG MELBOURNE, D. R. F.

Y. Mel. Well, I have finished my letter, and, knowing I should require your services here, Larry, I have sent it by the maid.

Lar. Sent it by the maid, have you? O, blood and ouns! then here'll be a pretty blow up, as the spark said to the powder-mill; however, I must get the uncle to intercede for me.

Y. Mel. So the old boy's arrived, is he?

Lar. To be sure he is.

Y. Mel. He did not seem offended that I was not here to receive him, did he?

Lar. No, sir; he seemed mighty well pleased with your humble servant. I was quite condescending with him.

Y. Mel. But before I introduce myself, just let me take a peep, and see what sort of a looking old boy it is.

Lar. O, you'll find him a mighty fatherly-looking sort of a personage. (*YOUNG MELBOURNE peeps through the key hole, D. L. F.*)

Y. Mel. Horror and confusion! Why, that's Trap, the bailiff of the Station House. What the devil have you been about?

Lar. Trap, of the Station House? O, the counterfeit blackguard! (*Recollecting himself.*) Fait, then, if I haven't kicked the real uncle out of doors. But, by the powers, I'd better keep that to myself, or my master'll kick me after him.

Y. Mel. What the deuse is to be done?

Lar. Done, sir! — there's nothing to be done but to bolt for it. (*Y. MEL. runs off, D. F. R. H. TRAP seen looking out at the drawing room door, L. F.*) I've a great mind to fall down and break my own

neck, on purpose to pitch him from the top of the stairs to the bottom (*TRAP attempts to come out; LARRY intercepts him — trips him up TRAP limps off, L. H. 1 E.; LARRY runs off, R. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE III. — *Chamber in 3 G., (LOUISA'S.) A large closet with folding doors in C., backed by shelves containing handboxes; lady's bonnet and shawl; china ware, bowls, cups and saucers; set fireplace on R. H. 2 E., with fire screen, practical, backed by black backing; D. F. L. H., practical, backed by chamber; a small cabinet on R. H. 3 E., practical, &c.; table and two chairs on L. C.; two chairs on R. H.; a reticule hanging on chair, R. H., containing handsome pocket book, miniature, necklaces, small jewel case, imitation watch and chain.*

Enter LETTY, L. H. 1 E., with a green quart bottle in her hand.

Let. Well, here's a pretty present! I've got a bottle of real whiskey, come all the way from Tipperary. How strong it does smell. The only difficulty is, I don't know where to put it; for if Susan's lover, Larry Hoolagan, should once get scent of it, good by to it. Ah, how I do hate him! I have it. — I'll conceal it in my mistress's closet; no one will think of looking there; and even if my mistress should discover it, I can tell her the truth at last. — That's an excellent idea. (*LETTY opens the closet in C., and hides the bottle behind some of the articles.*) There, now — there it will be safe, at all events. I may go and finish my work in comfort. How delighted I am!
(*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Enter LARRY, cautiously, L. H. 1 E.

Lar. So, here I am once more, under the same roof with my little darling. I've sneaked in to wish her good morning this afternoon. My master sent me somewhere else; but I preferred coming here, because it was more agreeable.

Enter SUSAN, R. 1 E.

O, there's the beauty!

Sus. What, Larry! — is that you?

Lar. If I know myself, take my word for it, it's nobody else.

Sus. O, Larry, I am so glad to see you!

Lar. O, to be sure you are: you were always a sensible girl.

Sus. But you mustn't stay here now, Larry; for if my mistress should see you before a reconciliation takes place, I don't know what might be the consequences.

Lar. Then I'm off, my dear, like an ould woman's wig in a high wind. (*Just as LARRY is going off, L. H., a loud double knock is heard, L. H. 1 E.*) *Fait!* that's my master's knock, I'll be upon my davy. Now, what's to be done? If he catches me here, he'll smoke the whole contrivance.

Sus. Never mind; I'll let you out this way.

Lou. (*Without, R. H.*) Susan — Susan, see to the door.

Sus. There comes my mistress ; we are beset on both sides. But are you certain it's your master ?

Lar. Certain, my dear. If I were the door and my nose the knocker, I couldn't be more certain.

Sus. Stop !

Lar. Stop ! I'd much rather go !

Sus. Here, this is the only chance we have. Step into this closet ; mind you don't squeeze any of the bandboxes, or do any mischief, and the moment your master goes, I'll let you out.

Lar. Och ! there's a clever fellow. Och ! what a man your mother must have been ! (*Knock, L. H. 1 E. As LARRY gets near the closet in c., he sniffs about as if he smelt something.*) Och ! what a nosegay ! — What is it, my darling ?

Sus. I'm sure I don't know — some of my mistress's lavender, or rose water, or something or another.

Lar. Lavender or rose water ? Fait ! I'd like to find out your mistress's perfumer. It smells mighty like the creature.

Sus. Never mind what it smells like, but get in.

Lar. (*Still smelling.*) Och ! the purest potteen was never more odoriferous. I should like to put a little on my handkerchief. (*Knock, L. H. 1 E.*)

Sus. Get in, or all will be discovered.

Lar. There, I'm in, my darling. Och ! I haven't had such a nosegay since I left Ballyporeen. Och ! I'll stay here forever. (*SUSAN shuts him in the closet, c.*)

Sus. There — if he only remain quiet, all will be safe.

Enter LOUISA, R. H. 1 E.

Lou. What can this knocking mean ? — Is no one there to open the set door ?

Sus. Yes, ma'am, it is open, and some one is coming up stairs.

Lou. And by all my fears, 'tis Melbourne.

Sus. Well, ma'am, you see it's too late to avoid him now.

Enter YOUNG MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

Y. Mel. Madam, your most obedient. (*LOUISA courtesies.*) Perhaps, madam, after what has occurred, you feel somewhat astonished at my visit.

Lou. Perhaps I may, sir, after your past conduct.

Y. Mel. I believe if my former conduct be impartially examined, madam, I shall find but little to regret. I wrote to you on the subject.

Lou. So, sir, after having insulted me with a letter, you would screen your conduct with a falsehood.

Y. Mel. A falsehood, madam ! but you are a lady. (*Considering.*) I am confident there is some strange and unaccountable mistake throughout the whole affair, so I'll at least make one effort towards a reconciliation.

Lou. (*Aside.*) I wish he'd speak to me.

Sus. (*Aside.*) I wonder what has made Larry so quiet.

Y. Mel. (*Looking round.*) Louisa !

Lou. Henry !

Y. Mel. I wish, Louisa, you would tell me how this quarrel originated — believe me, I never meant to offend you.

Lou. Then, really, I am sorry I have behaved so unkindly to you.

Y. Mel. Are you, indeed ? — then I am the happiest of men again.

Sus. (*Aside.*) O, Gemini ! if they haven't made it up again. I shall be Mrs. Hoolagan after all. But I can't think what makes Larry so quiet.

Lou. Now, mind — I only forgive you on condition you answer me truly and faithfully the following question.

Y. Mel. Name it, then, that I may earn my sweet forgiveness.

Lou. Have you ever sent your servant Larry to watch my conduct ?

Y. Mel. Never.

Lou. Not even since our quarrel ?

Y. Mel. I have even forbidden his coming near the place.

Lou. Well, it's very strange ; I could have been positive I heard his voice in the apartment this very day.

Sus. Lor', ma'am ! — (*Aside.*) She certainly heard him.

Y. Mel. I assure you it could not be : at this very moment he is at quite a different part of the town.

Lou. Well, then, I confess myself in the wrong. There is my hand, Henry — you know where my heart is already.

Y. Mel. I should, indeed, have been unworthy of you, could I so have degraded myself as to put my servant as a spy upon you. If he have been here, believe I sent him ; for he would not dare to disobey my orders.

Lou. Well, I believe you, and I am happy.

Sus. (*Aside.*) And so shall I be, when I get Larry away.

Y. Mel. Be assured you have no reason to be otherwise, and let this kiss be the sweet token of our reconciliation. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Sus. Now I shall get a husband, and a hundred pounds into the bargain. (*At this moment LARRY, in a state of intoxication, is heard singing in the closet, c., with all his might, —*)

O let us be frisky,

And tipple the whiskey —

Long life to the lads of sweet liberty's joys ;

No nation whatever

Hath power to sever

The shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, my boys.

(*All seem petrified.*)

Lou. Why, Susan, what noise is that ?

Sus. I'm sure I don't know ; I didn't hear any thing, ma'am. (*LARRY is heard singing still louder, c. — Aside.*) We're ruined — past all hope. (*China crash, c. ; LOUISA runs and throws open the closet door, c., when LARRY is discovered sitting in a bandbox, with the empty whiskey bottle in his hand, and a lady's bonnet and shawl on ; at the same moment LETTY runs in, and, at the sight of him, seems ready to faint, L. H. 1 E.*)

Let. (*Screaming.*) O, my whiskey — my whiskey ! (*LARRY sings, &c.*)

Y. Mel. Louisa, listen to me.

Lou. Never! Here we part to meet no more. (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Sus. O, Larry, what have you done?

Let. Why, he has drunk all my bottle of whiskey.

Sus. O, you filthy creature!

Lar. All I can say is, if ladies will keep such perfumes, at least they shouldn't let an Irishman come near 'em, my jewel.

Sus. O, Larry, Larry, this ends all our hopes! I can't bear the sight of him any longer. (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Lar. Poor thing! she don't seem altogether well pleased with herself. I can't think who has offended her. (*Darken stage.*)

Y. Mel. O, you scoundrel! what did you do in that closet?

Lar. What did I do in that closet? I drank a bottle of whiskey, please your honor.

Let. Yes, at my expense.

Lar. Och, then let me pay you for it; a kiss will settle the whole account.

Let. Get out, you drunken beast! O, my bottle, my bottle!

(*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Lar. O, bother your bottle! — coming over me with the pride of your dirty bottle! Here it is, safe enough; and if ever you get drunk with what's in it, say it ain't my fault, that's all.

Y. Mel. Get out of the house, you drunken scoundrel!

Lar. Scoundrel! do you mean to insult me? There, take your dirty livery. I discharge you from the proud eminence of being my master. Listen to that and break your heart.

Y. Mel. Go to the devil!

Lar. After you is manners, sir. (*Exit YOUNG MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.*) Hurrah! the town's our own. O!

(*Sings and exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Enter SUSAN, R. H. 1 E., with lighted candle, setting the place in order.
Lights up.

Sus. There, now, that's done, and that's done, and it's all done, after a way; but I don't care how any thing's done since Larry's cruel behavior. I know I shall die the victim of an unfortunate passion, and then he'll have nothing to do but to strew my grave with sunflowers, and hollyhocks, and devil's oatmeal, and all those pretty things. It makes me feel like a corpse only thinking of it. (*Taking up the reticule.*) Why, what can all this be so heavy? (*Opening the reticule.*) Why, I declare, if here ain't all Mr. Melbourne's presents, that my mistress used to prize so much, all jumbled in together. I'm sure that's very improper to have them throwing about here; they're safer in their proper places. By and by we shall have them lost, and then perhaps I shall be suspected. However, I'll lock them up, in case of any thing. (*Takes the presents out of the reticule, and locks them in the cabinet, R. H. 3 E., leaving the reticule hanging on the chair back, R. H.*) There, now, they're safe, at all events; and now I may go and amuse myself with crying my eyes out again about that ungrateful Larry.

Enter LARRY, L. H. 1 E.

Lar. Fait, I'm in, and there's my little darling, too, only I can't see her, for, by the powers, I'm ashamed to look at her.

Sus. I'm sure I hope I shall never clap my eyes on the filthy creature again.

Lar. Now, that's myself she means. How affectionately she remembers me!

Sus. I think if I were to see him now I should —

Lar. You should overwhelm him with shamefulness by saying, Larry, I forgive you, you blackguard.

Sus. Should I, indeed? O, you vile profligate!

Lar. That's right, my darling; call me all the ugly names you can think of; it eases my conscience to hear you.

Sus. I'll never forgive you — never!

Lar. Only this once, my darling, only this once; and see here; haven't I got a little keepsake for you, in order that you may never be able to forget the ungrateful villain?

Sus. A keepsake, indeed! Well, let me see what it is.

Lar. O, to be sure you shall. Where have I put it? Fait, if I haven't put it at the further end of my coat pocket, under all the eatables. But wait a minute, my dear, and you shall have it in less than a second. (*Takes a chair, and begins emptying his pockets on to it, the chief contents of which are a parcel of dirty potatoes.*)

Sus. Why, what have you got there?

Lar. Only a couple of pound of waxy potatoes. I couldn't resist buying 'em they looked so beautiful and mealy.

Sus. But don't put the nasty, dirty things on the clean chair cover.

Lar. Nasty, dirty things, do you call 'em? Not put 'em on the chair cover, indeed! Don't I mean to put 'em in my mouth? But here, my love, here's the beautiful keepsake. (*Showing her a tobacco stopper.*)

Sus. What in the name of wonder's that?

Lar. Oeh, isn't it a tobacco stopper? Take it, my love; you'll find it mighty convenient if you should fancy a pipe.

Sus. Fancy a pipe, indeed! But it's no use bearing malice; and if you'll promise me never to behave so again, and never even to look at Letty when I'm not in the way, I forgive you.

Lar. Look at Letty! I'll never look at any body but yourself. Come, give us a real hearty kiss, to make it up.

Louisa. (*Without, R. H.*) Susan.

Sus. Hush, hush! here comes my mistress.

Lar. Fait, then, I'm off again.

Sus. No, no, she sees you now; you had better remain where you are, and make the best excuse you can. (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Lar. O murder! look at the way she's left the beautiful waxies, all exposed. They've eat a large hole in my pocket. I'll just pop them into this bit of a bag. (*Knock, L. H. 1 E.*) Here's the master, again. What a fool he must be, to be sure! Where the devil am I to go? O, here. (*Goes up chimney, R. H. 2 E.*)

Enter YOUNG MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E., *meeting* LOUISA, R. H. 1 E.

Y. Mel. Madam, I merely called to return a miniature which I had, perhaps, till now, prized but too highly.

Lou. Very likely, sir; and to say the truth, I had put out your presents for the very same purpose. (*Taking up the reticule.*)

Y. Mel. There, madam; I believe the sooner our conference is ended, the better; there is your miniature.

Lou. And there, sir, are your paltry presents. (*Flinging the reticule at his feet.* And now, sir, farewell forever.

(*Exit* LOUISA, with candle, R. H. 1 E.)

Y. Mel. So, she's gone, and forever. I'll take my presents, but I'll leave her reticule, that I may not have any thing to remind me of her. (*Puts his hand in the reticule, and takes out a large potato.*) Confusion! Does she make a jest and mockery of me? No doubt she thinks this an amazing clever joke. (*Lights gradually down.*) This paltry trick has disgusted me more than the grossest injury could have done. It is unworthy even her. (*In his passion he tears the reticule to pieces.*) But I'll hence directly, lest I should be tempted to retaliate. Mean, insulting woman! (*As he is going off he is met by* LETTY, with candle lighted, L. H. 1 E.)

Let. O, sir, sir, there's a strange sort of looking person below inquiring for you. He says he won't go without seeing you. I can't think who it can be.

Y. Mel. But I can, and but too well.

Let. Lord, who is it, then?

Y. Mel. Why, Trap, the bailiff, from the station house, to be sure. I'm undone. Tell me, Letty, have you nowhere you could conceal me for a few minutes?

Let. Yes, I have it; but hark! he's coming up. Conceal yourself behind that fire screen, and I'll get him out of the house as fast as possible.

(*Exit* LETTY, L. H. 1 E.)

Y. Mel. Thanks, thanks, dearest Letty. (*Looking in the fireplace, R. H.*) Why, curse it, I can't conceal myself here; it's full of soot; I shall be as black as a sweep in five minutes. (*Opens the door, L. F.*) What have we here! a dressing room! It's rather unceremonious; but necessity has no law, and so in I go. What with love and law, I'm in a pretty situation. (*Exit into D. L. F., taking candle — stage dark.*)

Lar. (*Comes down chimney, R. H. 2 E.*) Whew! what a smell of soot! The master's gone out, and so has the candle. It's about as dark as the devil's hall door. Now if I could only grope my way to the door.

Enter LETTY, cautiously, L. H. 1 E.

Let. I wonder whether Mr. Melbourne has found his way out! I feel quite interested about him. Hush! there's some one there; that's him, then; hist! hist!

Lar. (*Aside.*) Who the devil's that? (*Catching hold of* LETTY's gown.) F'ait, it's a petticoat. I don't know who it is, but, by my

soul, I'd like to have a kiss ; we're in the dark, and she'll never find out it's me.

Let. (*Aside.*) How coaxing he is ! it's my belief he's going to give me something.

Lar. Here, you little angel of darkness. — (*Kisses her.*) Again, you rogue.

Let. No, no — let me go ; there's some one coming.

Lar. Fait, so there is.

Let. (*Running off, L. H. 1 E.*) O, what a charming fellow !

Enter SUSAN with a light, R. H. 1 E. Lights up.

Sus. (*Looking at LARRY.*) Lor', Larry, what have you been rubbing your face against ?

Lar. Nothing, my darling — (*aside*) — only as nice a pair of lips as ever smelt powder.

Sus. Why, any body would think you had been kissing the tea kettle.

Enter LETTY, with her cheeks bearing the visible marks of LARRY'S kisses, L. H. 1 E.

Let. Susan, Susan, you'd better go ; Miss Lovemore is waiting for you.

Sus. O Letty, Letty, look there ! (*Pointing to LARRY'S face ; and then first seeing the soot on LETTY'S face, as if the truth flashed upon her at the moment, she falls into the chair, screaming, on R. C.*)

Lar. What's the row ? what's the row ?

Let. What is the meaning of this ?

Enter LOUISA in haste, R. H. 1 E.

Lou. Susan, Susan, what means this noise ?

Sus. Ah, ma'am, ma'am, I've detected them ; look at the traitors. Letty has been kissing my Larry till he's black in the face.

Let. I kissing him !

Lar. O, here's murder and robbery !

Sus. And I know, ma'am, you're too good to see me put upon in this way : you won't suffer such goings on in your house, will you, ma'am ?

Lou. No, certainly not. Letty, you are discharged.

Let. For what, I should like to know ?

Lou. For suffering Susan's sweetheart, then, to kiss you, ma'am.

Let. But I say he never did, though. I'd rather be kissed by a tomcat.

Sus. (*R. C.*) It's no such thing.

Lou. (*R. H.*) Don't answer me, but leave the house.

Let. Then since I must go, ma'am, I don't mind confessing I have been kissed by somebody, and that somebody was young Mr. Melbourne, ma'am.

Y. Mel. (*Looking from the door, L. F.*) O, you false fagot !

Lar. O, to be sure it was, for I saw him.

Y. Mel. (*Rushing forward c., and collaring LARRY.*) O, you lying scoundrel!

Lar. (*L. C. Aside to MELBOURNE.*) Whisht, sir; it's only a part of the stratagem. — Well, then, I made a mistake; it wasn't.

Let. (*L. H.*) Then it was that filthy creature who kissed me, after all. Ah! (*Rubbing her mouth, and discovering the black.*)

Y. Mel. Louisa, Louisa, hear me.

Lar. Hear me, ma'am; I'll tell you all about it.

Y. Mel. Silence, sir! begone — leave my service this instant.

Lar. Well, sir, I'll go if you wish it; but mind, sir, I leave you with clean hands.

Let. That's more than you do with a clean face!

Lar. If I've been kissing the tea kettle, you've been making free wid the coffee pot, Mrs. Lavender Water.

(*Exeunt LARRY and LETTY, L. H. 1 E.*)

Sus. O, the cruel, false-hearted man! I know I shall die.

(*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Lou. So, sir, you are not satisfied with concealing your servant in my closet, but you must hide yourself, too, in my dressing room.

Y. Mel. Louisa! Louisa! indeed you are deceived.

Lou. Certainly, I am always deceived, but not by you, sir. Look there. (*Pointing to the torn reticule.*) I am not deceived in that, sir; after having taken out the jewels, to vent your spite upon my reticule! Ah, that was very noble!

Y. Mel. Madam, madam, this is too much — to be injured and insulted thus! I now disdain an explanation. Farewell forever.

(*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Lou. So, he's gone, then. Well, I am now more pleased than ever. A mean, paltry, insulting, hard-hearted —

(*Bursts into tears, and exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

ReEnter LARRY, L. H. 1 E.

Lar. So! he's discharged me; but I won't go. Poor fellow! he'd be in a pretty plight if I was to leave him, getting into all sorts of scrapes, and nobody to hit upon a stratagem to get him out. I wonder where Susan's hid herself. I'd like to mollify her a bit after that kissin' match in the dark. O, here she comes.

Enter SUSAN, R. H. 1 E.

Sus. O, you deceitful, ungrateful, incorrigible, unmanageable, horrid —

Lar. Whisht! upon my soul I thought it was you.

Sus. No — did you?

Lar. But tell me, how are we to get the master and the mistress reconciled — eh?

Sus. I'm afraid it's quite impossible, now she's determined not to have any thing to say to him.

Lar. I must think of a stratagem. I have it — I have it. You

shall persuade your mistress that my master's on the point of death, in consequence of her cruelty ; and if she don't forgive him then, she's not such a fool as I'd take her for.

Sus. Why, perhaps her affection might overcome her anger, in that case ; but I'm afraid she'd never believe me, without she were actually to see him.

Lar. *Fait !* then she shall.

Sus. Why, I'm sure your master will never lend himself to such a scheme.

Lar. No, my dear, but I'll lend myself to it. He won't be home till late to-night. Now, if I put on his morning gown and slippers, and place myself in an elegant concumbent posture in the easy chair, with my face disguised and my voice concealed, how should she know me from him, my darling ? and then I'll moan so piteously, that I'd move the heart of a summer cabbage.

Sus. Why, I think it might succeed.

Lar. To be sure it must. Run to her immediately, and tell her I — no, my master's broke his heart, but is determined not to die till he receives her pardon. Then hey for the wedding, my darling.

Sus. Why, really, it will be delightful if I can only persuade her to come.

Lar. She'll be sure to come if you play your part well. Only shed plenty of tears, my dear ; you know they cost nothing, and are easily replaced.

Sus. Well, well, it shall not be my fault if it don't succeed ; so farewell. (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Lar. Now I must go and get the powder puff, and put a little color in my face. I must make free, too, with my master's morning gown and slippers ; and if this stratagem doesn't soften her heart like an overboiled turnip, I'll turn teetotaler, and live upon buttermilk.

(*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE IV. — MELBOURNE'S Apartment, 1 G.

Enter LOUISA and SUSAN, L. H. 1 E.

Lou. Really, Susan, the idea of Melbourne being in so wretched a state completely overpowers me.

Sus. I thought it would, ma'am ; you should not have been so cruel to him. But if any thing in the world can recover him, I am sure it will be this visit.

Lou. What was I to do ? I feel the indelicacy of it ; but if he should die without being conscious of my forgiveness, I should never know another moment's peace.

Sus. True, ma'am ; I will run immediately, and see if he's prepared for the interview. — (*Aside.*) Now, if Larry has only managed as well as I have, both our fortunes are made at once.

(*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Lou. Poor Melbourne !

Enter OLD MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

O. Mel. I'm determined that rascal shall not drive me out of the country till I have reproached him with his ingratitude. (*Seeing LOUISA, R. H.*) Eh! who can this be? She appears a lady. I'll speak to her. You are here, madam, I presume, in the hope of seeing Mr. Melbourne?

Lou. I am, sir. — (*Aside.*) Who can this old gentleman be? O, I see — it is his physician; he comes to prepare me for the meeting.

O. Mel. I fear, madam, it is very doubtful whether you will be fortunate enough to obtain your wish.

Lou. What mean you? He is not yet dead?

O. Mel. No, ma'am; better that he were.

Lou. Is he, then, so far gone?

O. Mel. Yes, ma'am, the truth must be spoken — I deem him quite incurable.

Lou. Alas! are there no hopes?

O. Mel. O, no; he's past all hope.

Lou. Unhappy man! But still you will do all you can to save him.

O. Mel. O, no, ma'am; his system is so bad that I shall not attempt to save him.

Lou. Not attempt to save him?

O. Mel. No; for he has insulted me.

Lou. Insulted you! Unfeeling monster! But your conduct shall be known.

O. Mel. So it is; turn which way I will, this is the reception I meet with. I've witnessed nothing but insult since I put my foot ashore; and now, because I won't support that scoundrel in his profligacy, I'm to be despised by the whole world.

Re-enter SUSAN, L. H. 1 E.

Sus. Now, ma'am, Mr. Melbourne's prepared.

Lou. Then I shall see him for the last time.

(*Ereunt LOUISA and SUSAN, L. H. 1 E.*)

O. Mel. (*Aside.*) Yes, and I shall see him for the first time.

(*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE V. — YOUNG MELBOURNE'S Apartment, 3 G. *Large easy chair on R. H. C. Table covered with large cloth on R. H., to reach stage; on it dressing case, powder and puff. Table covered on L. H.; on it decanter of wine and wine glasses. Two chairs on R. H.; two chairs on L. H.*

LARRY discovered, disguised in his master's dressing gown, slippers, &c., seated in easy chair on R. C.

Lar. Well, I have taken pains enough to make myself look ele-

gant, at all events. But I'm in a mighty stew, for fear I'll be discovered though. I feel all of a cold sweat, like a lump of ice in the dog days. (*Noise without.*) But here they come. So now I'll put on the dolefuls, and look as interesting as an old cow with a winter cough.

Enter LOUISA, SUSAN, and OLD MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

Sus. There, ma'am, there's the unhappy man.

Lou. I scarce can look at him.

O. Mel. Ah, sight of woe! is this our meeting, then, at last?

Lou. What! your heart is moved, then, is it? — O Henry, Henry, can you forgive me?

Lar. (*Aside to SUSAN.*) Tell her I'm speechless, my dear.

Sus. You see, ma'am, he's too far gone to make you any answer.

Lou. But press my hand, that I may know you're conscious of my presence. (*LARRY takes her hand and kisses it.*)

Sus. (*Aside to LARRY.*) Larry, Larry, be quiet. — I won't allow it.

Lar. (*Aside to SUSAN.*) Never mind, my darling, I'll give you a couple. (*LARRY kisses SUSAN'S hand with warmth, which LOUISA perceives.*)

Lou. Why, what can he mean?

Sus. O, no, no, nothing, ma'am — the poor creature, you see, don't know my hand from yours.

Lou. Poor soul. (*LARRY pretends to be in the greatest agony.*) See, see, he's dying.

O. Mel. Fortunately travellers are generally provided. (*Takes a small case out of his pocket, containing vials, surgical instruments, &c.*) Shall I phlebotomize him?

Lar. (*Aside to SUSAN.*) No, by the powers he shan't.

O. Mel. No, no — fetch me a glass; I'll give him something that may, perhaps, revive him.

Lar. (*Aside to SUSAN.*) By my soul, I'll not take it — I never could swallow a dose of physic in my life.

Sus. (*Aside.*) But you must, though, or we shall certainly be found out.

Lou. Here, here, give it him this instant. (*OLD MELBOURNE pours out a dose of medicine, which, after much resistance, LARRY swallows.*)

Lar. (*Aside to SUSAN.*) O that I had a drop of whiskey, to take the taste out of my mouth.

O. Mel. (*Examining his case.*) O, horror! what have I done! (*He seems petrified.*)

Lou. Why, what have you done?

O. Mel. Wretched man! In my anxiety I have given him the wrong medicine. He has swallowed a dose of laudanum that would be the death of a gray-horse. But don't breathe a word to him of it; run and fetch a glass of water.

Lou. I will, I will. — O Henry! Henry! (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

O. Mel. Now, if she should remain more than five minutes, he'll

be dead before she returns — I have it. I'll run and fetch one of the newly invented stomach syringes, and pipe all hands to the pump. O, unfortunate old man! (Exit, L. H. 1 E.)

Lar. What the devil's all this hubaboo about? Och, I suppose they are making my will.

Sus. I'm sure I don't know.

Lar. (Knock, L. H.) Wan't that a beautiful stratagem? But, O, that nasty physic. Och, if they only made whiskey of such stuff as that, I'd be the soberest man living. Run, Susan, and get me a drap of the creature, to take the taste out of my mouth.

Sus. I will, I will, and a bit of sugar, too. (Exit, R. H. 1 E.)

Lar. O, what a sweet girl that is! (A loud double knock, L. H. 1 E.) Murder and turf! if there ain't my master on the outside of the door, and presently I'll be after taking his place, while some other thief takes mine. But, if I stay here, it's all over with me. I'll just seat myself behind this dressing table, and make my observations like a telegraph. (Throws off the dressing gown and slippers, and conceals himself behind the table, R. H.)

Enter YOUNG MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

Y. Mel. No news of my uncle; his long absence begins quite to alarm me. I regret, now, that I have been out. The rain pours down in torrents; I am dripping. Ah, fortunately, Larry has thought it might be so, I see, and has placed my dressing gown and slippers here for me. Now, that was thoughtful of him. I did not think the rascal had so much discernment.

Lar. (Aside.) Ah, he's not such a fool as he looks.

Y. Mel. I shall begin to think better of the scoundrel for the future. (Takes off his coat and shoes, and puts on the dressing gown &c., and seats himself in easy chair, R. C.) Now let me meditate a while. O Louisa! Louisa! Am I never to taste aught but bitters?

Enter SUSAN, with a lump of sugar in her hand, R. H. 1 E.

Sus. Just pop this lump of sugar in your mouth, and it will take away the taste in a minute. (Seeing her mistake, she screams.)

Y. Mel. Why, what can this mean? Susan here!

Enter LOUISA, with a tumbler of medicine, R. H. 1 E.

Lou. Now, now, Henry, swallow this, and you may yet be saved.

Y. Mel. Louisa here, too! — so she couldn't live without me. This is, indeed, a triumph.

Lou. Take it — take it.

Y. Mel. What the deuse should I take it for?

Enter OLD MELBOURNE, with a large wash-hand basin, tea kettle, and a stomach syringe in his hand, L. H. 1 E.

O. Mel. There, now, let me put this down your throat, and all may yet be well.

Y. Mel. No; I'll be cursed if you shall. — What can this mean?

Lou. Why, he seems quite another person.

Lar. (*Looking from beneath the table, R. H.*) It would be mighty odd if he didn't.

O. Mel. Pray suffer me to operate.

Y. Mel. For what purpose?

O. Mel. I'd better tell him the truth at once. If you must know, then, just now I gave you the wrong medicine.

Lar. (*Aside.*) The devil you did.

Sus. (*Aside.*) O, my poor Larry!

Y. Mel. Why, I haven't taken a drop of medicine these three years.

Lou. (*Aside.*) O, he's becoming quite delirious.

O. Mel. You have swallowed a dose of laudanum that would settle a regiment.

Lar. (*Aside.*) Ho, bad luck to you; it's I that have swallowed it.

Sus. O, if they haven't poisoned my poor Larry!

O. Mel. If it ain't drawn off, you're a dead man.

Lar. (*Aside.*) No, it's I'm the dead man.

O. Mel. You must take this dose.

Y. Mel. I tell you I won't.

Lou. O, do! on my knees I pray you to take it.

O. Mel. Yes, on our knees, we pray.

Omnes. O, pray! pray! (*They kneel. LARRY quite overcome with his sufferings, leaves his concealment, apparently in the agonies of death; and thrusting his master out of the chair, takes his place between LOUISA and OLD MELBOURNE.*)

Lar. O, don't wear out your knees in prayer to him: it's I'm the dead man. Give me the dose — give me the dose.

All. You!

Lar. Yes, I'm at death's door, and I'm afraid I'll be let in without even the trouble of knocking.

Y. Mel. You here, sir? What can this mean?

Lar. O, don't bother me with any unchristian-like questions now. When I'm gone, Susan will explain all. Give me the other dose — give me the other dose. (*Swallows the tumbler of medicine.*)

Y. Mel. So, sir, you have been at your stratagems again, have you?

Lar. I have, sir; but don't be angry; it will be my last stratagem in this world.

O. Mel. So 'tis this poor fellow I have poisoned, after all. O, miserable old man that I am!

Y. Mel. Why, who is this old gentleman?

Lou. Why, your physician, to be sure.

O. Mel. His physician! Nonsense, I'm his uncle.

Y. Mel. Can it be possible?

Lar. Yes, to be sure it is: I know him of ould.

Y. Mel. You infernal —

Lar. O, sir, don't abuse a dying man. — (*To LOUISA.*) Here, ma'am, since I'm on my death bed, I may as well confess all my sins; here's my master's letter that he sent you yesterday morning, but which I never delivered.

Lou. What ! my own letter, and unopened !

Lar. Yes, ma'am ; it stuck in my pocket like post office sticking plaster. O ! I'm going ! I'm going ! Susan, darling, take an affectionate leave of me. A couple of kicks and a grunt, and it will be all over, like Donnybrook Fair.

O. Mel. Huzza ! huzza !

Omnes. Why, what's the matter !

O. Mel. He's not poisoned. The bottle of laudanum had only slipped out of my pocket-case, and I thought he had taken it.

Lar. Och, then, I'm all right again, and I'll live till I die, and a great deal longer, too.

Y. Mel. Yes, sir ; but leave my service this instant.

Sus. Then if he's turned away, if you please, ma'am, I must be turned away too.

Lar. Och, there's a brave boy for you.

O. Mel. No, no, I think he has been sufficiently punished ; let me intercede for him, though he says Station House is written upon my ugly forehead.

Lar. O, don't make me blush.

O. Mel. No ; that would be a pity.

Lar. Say that you'll forgive me, sir, or I'll never forgive myself.

Y. Mel. Well, it must be on one condition, only ; and that is, that we have no more stratagems.

Lar. Long life to your honor, the devil a one. Hoping that our kind patrons will grant us the end and aim of all our little stratagems — their approbation.

SITUATIONS

LARRY.

LOUISA.
Y. MELBOURNE
Z. H.

SUSAN.
O. MELBOURNE.
Z. H.

CURTAIN.

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